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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**
EARLY ITALIAN ART. } By Post, 6½d.



"SPRING."—BY W. W. MOUNT LOUDAN.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A medical journal has been discussing the subject of doctors' fees—not, I regret to say, with any view to their diminution, but rather the contrary. While it denounces that portion of the public which tries to get its advice as nearly as possible gratis, by wrapping up eighteenpence or even two lozenges, in place of the appointed guinea, it rallies us honest folk upon the ridiculous delicacy which causes us to hide the little packet under a book or an inkstand, like a magpie, instead of putting it plump into the doctor's hand. The custom involves some waste of time, and is selfish as regards keeping other patients waiting, as a fidgety physician likes to convince himself of the safety of his property—a task which sometimes requires the sagacity of a retriever. We are assured that doctors are accustomed to handle much more unpleasant things than gold coins, and do not require them to be even wrapped up in paper. And, indeed, why should they? If the labourer is worthy of his hire why should he not take it? There is a curiously morbid sentiment among otherwise sensible people about taking or paying their dues. Cheques and even notes (if sent by post) in return for value received are welcomed gladly, but gold must not pass between the parties. Yet we are told by the poet (who surely ought to be a judge of delicacy) that money does not smell, which is certainly not the case with bank-notes, especially Scotch ones. In these days of agricultural depression the poor parsons see very little of what in their sermons they are wont to describe as dross; but it is understood that they prefer it to the old method of taking their tithe in kind (a sheaf of corn cut with a borrowed reaping-hook). Still, those who can afford it employ a lawyer (who has no objection to handle other people's money) to collect their dues for them. It is not the fact, but the method, it seems, that delicacy resents. The literary person, to whom money is rare, is, as might be expected ("the hand of least employment having the daintier sense"), particularly fastidious about it. I remember Thackeray was said at first to entertain strong scruples about going into the "reading" business ("Think," were the words imputed to him, "of one's taking money at the doors!"), and but for Dickens's example, it is probable he never would have done it. Yet, after all, where is the difference in principle between being paid for one's lecture or one's book?

It appears from a statement from the Court in a recent lunacy case that "if a person is insane on one subject he is certifiably insane." This is rather alarming. It was said by Hartley Coleridge of Miss Martineau, when her diligence and enthusiasm were compared with his own *laissez-aller* ways, that she was "a monomaniac about everything"; an unusual charge indeed, but, on the other hand, everybody is supposed to be mad about something or another, and therefore, it seems, is qualified for a lunatic asylum. The case in question, it must be admitted, looked very serious, for it was that of a young solicitor suffering from religious scruples—"A professing Christian," as someone has expressed it, "who was a practising attorney." He thought it wrong to sue anybody for debt, and "used to insist upon making the strictly legal charges." Altogether, he must have been an embarrassing partner when entrusted to settle costs. His counsel said, "You thought him hyper-conscientious; a serious matter, no doubt, for a solicitor." There were "roars of laughter" of course; but how strange it is that one branch of the law should have the audacity to gird at the other, on which it relies for subsistence!

In "The New Hedonism," in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Grant Allen strikes, for once, a cheerful note. He is generally a little dissatisfied even with the profession he has chosen, and has expressed a wish that he had taken to crossing-sweeping instead. As he has been undoubtedly successful in his calling, this is very discouraging to the rest of us. But to-day he feels the spring, and is exceedingly cheerful—bids us all enjoy ourselves and avoid self-sacrifice, to which (as is well known) we are so prone. In particular, he advises us to fall in love on the first favourable opportunity, and as often as possible. He tells a pessimistic and Philistine world exactly what he thinks of it, and does not mince matters; he is (as Dickens termed himself with pleasant modesty) "very human," and has no desire to be otherwise. His utterance will shock a good many people, but that he does not mind. To compare great men with small, he reminds me of a butler I once knew in a fashionable family. They kept themselves aloof from the servants—even from him, who seemed to me a most superior person—and he resented it and gave warning. "But why are you going?" inquired his mistress, whom he suited very well. "Because," he said, "I get no sympathy; and believe me, Mum, it is love, love, love as makes the world go round." This is Mr. Grant Allen's view, which he is addressing, I fear, to quite as unsympathetic an audience. He is more poetical, however, even than the butler, and, to say the truth, has written a most picturesque and powerful article, showing how what is commonly thought to be our "lower nature"—the instinct with which "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—is, in truth, our highest, and underlies all that is beautiful and bright in life. He shows how "the song of birds, the chirp of insects, feathers and fur, crests and antlers, the

may on the hedgerows, the berries on the holly, all alike owe their beauty to sexual needs and æsthetic preferences." It is a brilliant paper, and combats with rare courage the views of "the coarse Puritan brain."

Still, life is not "all beer and skittles," if one may use that metaphor for its higher pleasures: we are not all of us young, nor in good health, nor in a position to be looking about, like the wanton lapwing, for another mate. The other side of the question—the gloomy view of the human position—has no doubt been overdone. The gentleman, who thought the obliquity of the ecliptic proved the malevolence of the scheme of creation, though alone in his deduction, is not singular in his opinion, and it is certain that devil-worship is largely cultivated much nearer home than in the Indian seas. But while resenting these pessimistic views, one is unable to take such a rose-coloured view of things as the new Hedonism. It may do for the young football-player going forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber to the county match (before he gets that kick on his knee which cripples him for life), but it will not do for the humble individual who is now addressing you with *rheumatoid arthritis* in his joints. The riddle of the painful earth remains unsolved by the Hedonist, though we may be unwilling to believe with the Puritan that it is the precursor of a still darker enigma. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Grant Allen concerns himself much with speculations about happiness in the hereafter; but it seems to me that this matter should be ignored least of all by those who consider pleasure to be the chief good. All the satisfaction derived from the contemplation of a future life is clear gain, and—what is a positively unique advantage—even if we are mistaken about it there can be no disappointment, since we shall never be made aware of our error.

The memory of Sir James Stephen has had every justice done to it, as regards his intellect, but there has been much unnecessary allusion to his "unsympathetic nature." He was not, of course, an emotional man, and had a very hearty contempt for mere sentimentalists, which he took no pains to conceal. But he had a noble hatred of cruelty and oppression. Though a judge, he was able to look at crime otherwise than through the spectacles of the law, and has left a record of his opinion with regard to systematic brutality that is especially noteworthy: as there are murders, he tells us, the perpetrators of which do not deserve the penalty of death, so there are other offenders (he refers to child-torturers) who are vastly wicked, though they have not taken life, and would be the better for hanging. He was one of the few judges who could be trusted to deal with a ruffian, not because he himself was grim and stern (though he could be both), but because he reserved his pity for its proper object—namely, for the ruffian's victim. At the "Union" at Cambridge his leonine figure was seldom absent from the debates, in which he exhibited a great deal of rough eloquence and caustic humour. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer (if I remember right) had some rough-and-tumbles with him, but generally they were on the same side. Years afterwards, though before (as he used to express it) he "went about judging," I had reason to know that those who thought him without sympathy were mistaken; for when on one occasion I fell ill he offered in the kindest manner "to do my work for me till I was all right again." He was sitting with certain judges upon some committee when he himself was raised to the Bench, and, doubtless with some pardonable pride, took the opportunity of informing them of the fact. They all congratulated him, he told me, except one, who was certainly not celebrated for courtesy. He was silent for several minutes, and then, having thought of something appropriate to remark, observed, "You'll have to pay fifty pounds for your robes, though." I may not be right about the amount, but the attempt to diminish the sum of human happiness in the case of his learned brother struck me as delightful.

A leading Melbourne publisher has been giving us his experience of novel-reading in the Colonies. Ninety per cent. of the female and seventy-five per cent. of the male frequenters of the public libraries read novels almost exclusively. This is noteworthy, but not so remarkable as the statement that, "large as the demand for fiction has been for years past, it has been most markedly increased by the deep depression of the last twelve months. Ladies seem to have read more of it, and men very much more." It is to be noticed that there is no question here of the purchase of books—which certainly falls off in bad commercial times—but only of the reading of them. The explanation of the increase is, no doubt, to be found in the desire to get quit of the material world if only for a season, and to forget in the scenes of fiction the melancholy aspects of real life.

It is curious, by the way, that while war lasts it has a very depressing effect upon the novel-market, while its after effects are, on the other hand, distinctly beneficial. When there are battles, whether by land or by sea, to be reported, they monopolise their readers; Fiction pales its ineffectual fires in the presence of the torch of Bellona; but when once peace has been proclaimed, the public

taste, deprived of the strong meat supplied by the *Gazette*, turns to fiction for a substitute. From political warfare, on the other hand, the story-teller reaps no such advantage; the novel is deserted for the newspaper, and no similar passion for exciting events follows the subsidence of the political wave.

It is not often that a civilian has an experience of a hand-ambulance. He may know something about a stretcher and the "frog's march," but that is another story. The introduction would be perhaps gruesome, and to make a "gentle public" sad has never been my endeavour. Let us say "a little hæmorrhage" from the lungs, though it seemed to me to paint the whole town red, and, indeed, did paint a number of things that colour, including (what no æsthetic person has, I believe, yet thought of doing) the interior of a seaside fly. Two minutes more of that species of locomotion would, I am told, have cut short the thread of life and prevented any leave-taking of my Note-reading friends; but I managed to give the address of my medical adviser, and inaugurated my arrival by an opportune fainting fit upon his doorstep. I say opportune, because it seems "kindly Nature" (as the doctors have good reason to call her), unable, like the rest of us, to do two things at once, having accomplished my collapse, was compelled to suspend my hæmorrhage. After this all was silence for me, till I heard the good doctor say "Home"—a pleasant word after all, under certain circumstances, in spite of the views of the young ladies who want latch-keys—and then I was lifted up by strong hands, and placed, as it struck my disordered senses, upon a bier.

It cannot be denied that a hand-ambulance in motion has a strong family resemblance to a walking funeral, but in the latter case the passenger is debarred from observation because the vehicle is closed, as well as for other reasons. Now, my head was left outside, the cold evening air being thought good for my complaint, and presently, though considered to be insensible to sight and sound, I "came to," and from my ineffectual standpoint, for of course it was but a horizontal one, endeavoured to review the situation. Our way lay under fir-trees, with the crescent moon above them, and as I looked up at them I said to myself (very unreasonably, but I was not in a position to be logical), "I am being buried, and a very handsome collection of plumes has been provided by the undertaker"; there was, indeed, a mile and a half of them exactly. What fostered the illusion was that my bearers, who were, of course, only my wheelers, though as kind and considerate as they were scientific, were convinced that I knew nothing of what was going on, and therefore treated me intellectually as a negligible quantity. "We are going down the hill now," they said to one another; "we must take the head first." It was like buying a salmon at the fishmonger's, with a discreet avoidance of the tail end. Their speaking of the head instead of my head did, I confess, strike me as the reverse of complimentary; and I felt quite grateful to them that when suggesting improvements in locomotion they never spoke of me collectively as "it." In other respects, they differed from those who take us to our last home—

The steps of the mourners,
Heavy and slow,

were not their steps, for they walked rapidly, and though they were very careful, I was quite conscious when the machine was on the footpath or on the road. The interest I excited among the general public was most gratifying. It is not everybody that knows an ambulance when he sees it, and it was clear to me, from the averted looks of the fair sex, that they thought me bound—and very securely bound, for I could only move my head—for the police-station; they felt that I had been "drunk and disorderly," but they did not wish to add to the painfulness of my feelings by taking notice of the fact. Others, however, opining it was "a haccident, most like someone fell off a scaffold," indulged themselves in protracted investigation, and were evidently much dissatisfied with the very little of me that could be seen.

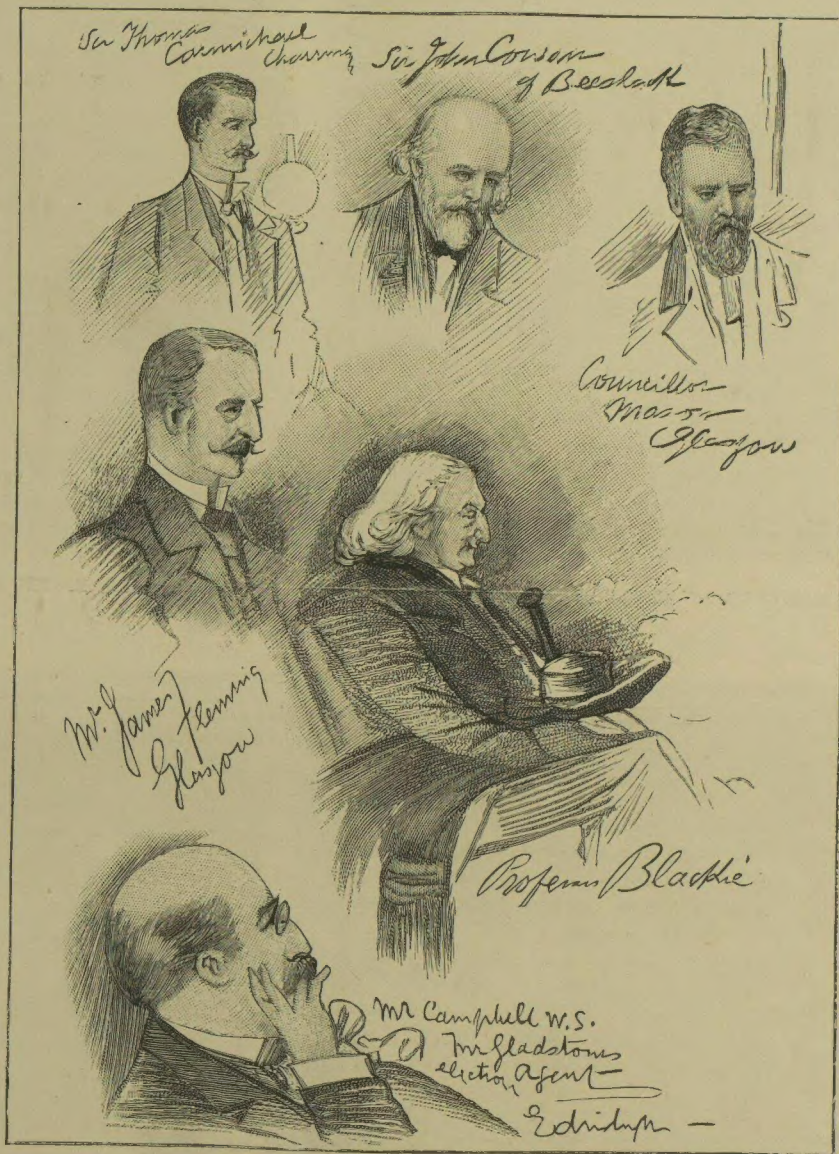
The whole expedition was most successful, and I have reason to speak well of ambulances to my dying day—a date, however, which on the occasion in question seemed anything but remote. Perhaps the most trying part of it is when one is taken out of the vehicle fastened to one's board (like a street advertisement) and carried upstairs feet foremost. There is a sharp turn to the right, you remember, but the ambulance makes nothing of it, "takes it in its stride," as it were, and lands you on your own bed—on it, but very far from being in it. It is not one of those occasions when one goes to bed in one's boots, or (as is recorded in one extreme case) with one's hat on, but everything has to be taken off, and in a very heterodox way, for fear "kindly Nature" should revert to her first intention. One reads of sporting characters having cut-away coats, but the edict is issued that all one's clothes are to be cut away—a catastrophe, however, which is averted, thanks mainly to the inadequacy of the domestic scissors. The whole affair is, of course, but an incident in a retired life; but so many of us are quiet people that I thought they might feel an interest in it. I did.

BY THE MACE.

I have said that Mr. Labouchere has pervaded the proceedings of the House. In this ubiquity he has, if possible, been surpassed by a statesman who is not a member of our Assembly. From the House of Lords, and even from Edinburgh, Lord Rosebery has thrown his shadow over the Commons. His Edinburgh speech was the subject of a debate initiated by Lord Randolph Churchill. Some days previously the Chancellor of the Exchequer had scoffed at the suggestion that for the Prime Minister who happens to be a peer to stand on a platform in the neighbourhood of a contested election was a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons. Undeterred by this, Lord Randolph gravely moved that Lord Rosebery should be called to account for this piece of electioneering, though what pains and penalties should be visited on his head were not specified. Mr. Balfour supported his colleague, but Sir Henry James and Mr. Courtney were perturbed by the practical unreality of the whole proceeding. There is a sessional order of the House which forbids the interference of peers with Parliamentary elections, but the nature of such interference is not made clear. Lord Randolph did not propose to summon the Prime Minister

Rarely has any political event excited so keen an interest as Lord Rosebery's first appearance on a platform since his accession to the highest office in the State. The curiosity would have been great in any circumstances; it was much enhanced by a very singular and unexpected crisis in the fortunes of his party. One sentence in Lord Rosebery's first speech as Premier in the House of Lords caused one of the most extraordinary commotions ever witnessed in public life. Lord Rosebery was understood by his opponents to say that Home Rule could not be passed except by a clear majority from the English constituencies. Over this construction of his words was waged a fierce conflict, and the combatants looked forward to the Edinburgh speech with pardonable excitement. In the Scottish capital the Prime Minister was welcomed as a national hero. He has always held a strong position in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen, and to the lord of Dalmeny the citizens of Edinburgh were naturally

It is announced that the gross receipts of Mr. Irving's American tour, which closed at Boston on March 17, reached the remarkable total of £120,000. Great as the expenses of Mr. Irving's theatrical organisation are, there must be a very large profit out of that vast sum; and it is no wonder that Mr. Irving proposes to return to America in the autumn of 1895. An American company will occupy the Lyceum during a portion of the interval, and will produce a play which has had a great success in the United States.



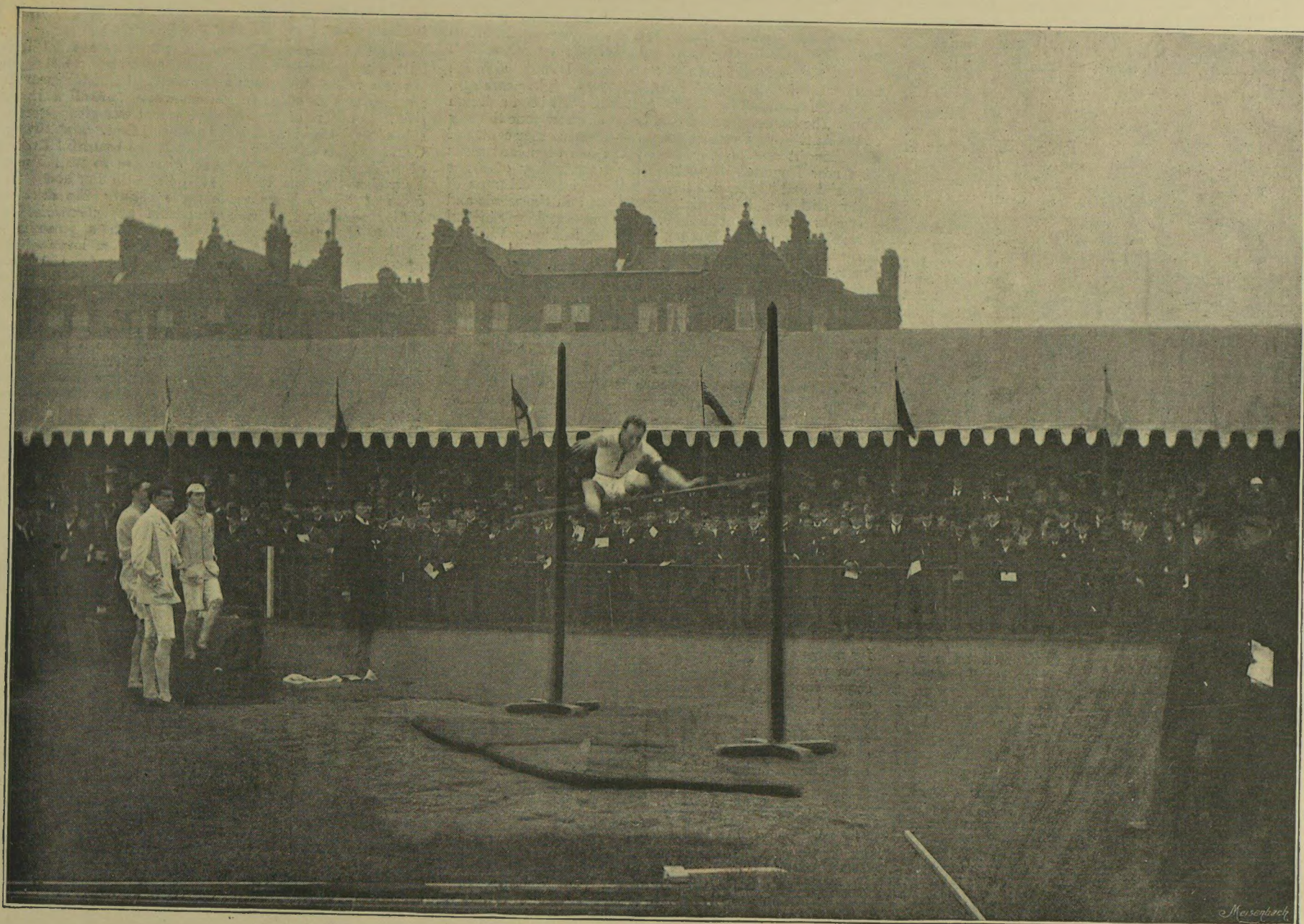
Oxford had a very easy task in winning the University Boat-Race this year. The practice of the crews had made it clear to all observers that Cambridge had no chance. They were completely overmatched from the beginning, and on the morning of the race their friends had abandoned even the shadow of a hope. The Dark Blues had no difficulty in drawing away from their opponents very early in the struggle, and won by three lengths and a half. Oxford had the same good fortune in the sports, winning six out of the nine "events." The hero of the occasion



CHARACTER SKETCHES AT LORD ROSEBERY'S MEETING IN THE CORN EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH.

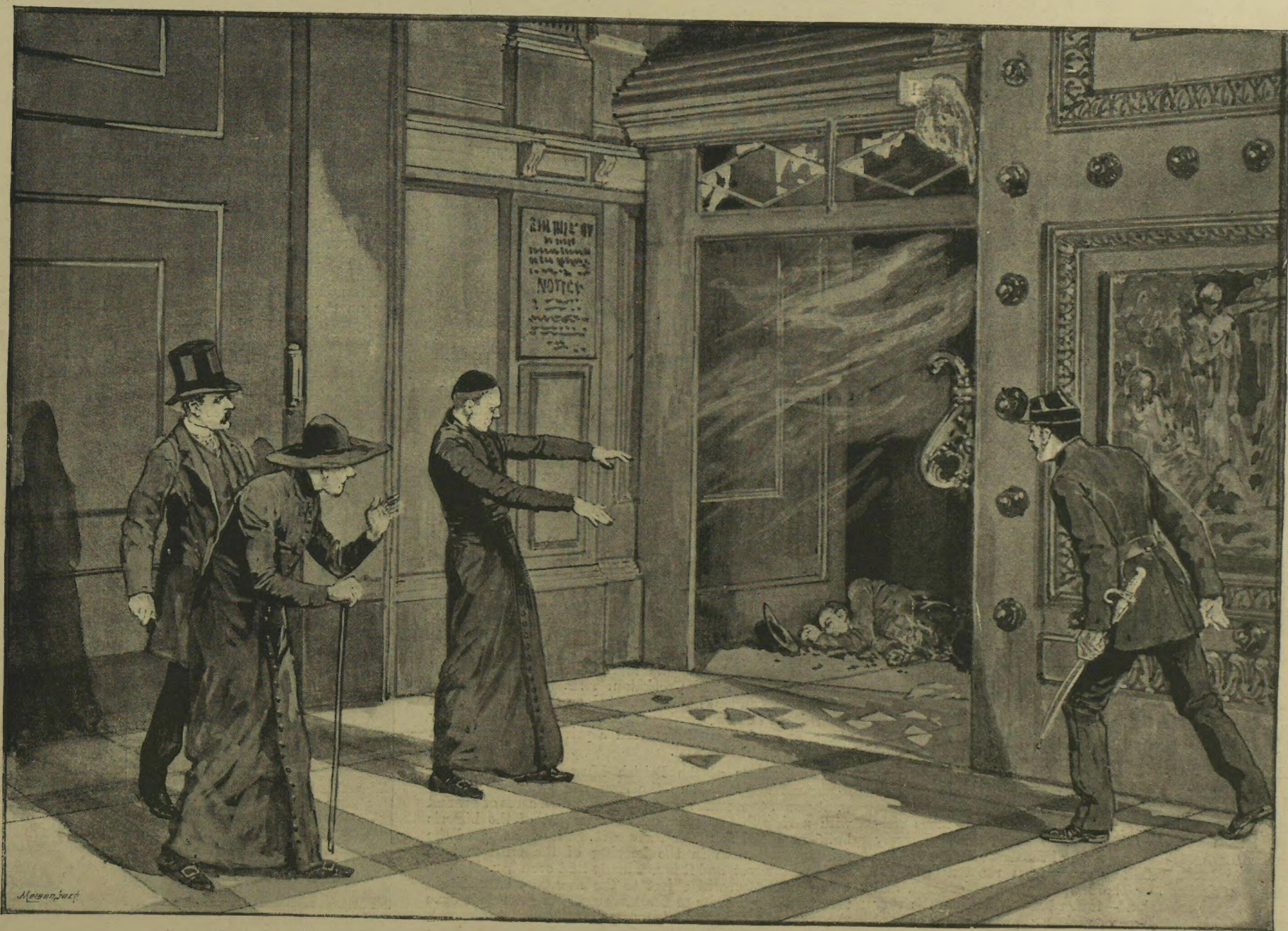


LORD ROSEBERY AT THE CORN EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS: SWANWICK'S HIGH JUMP.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Russell and Son, 17, Baker Street.



ANARCHISTS IN PARIS: THE BOMB EXPLOSION AT THE MADELEINE.

PERSONAL.

The honour which has been conferred upon Professor Seeley, of Cambridge, or, as we must now call him, Sir



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

PROFESSOR SEELEY, THE NEW KNIGHT.

John Richard Seeley, is one which will cause general satisfaction to all save the few to whom these things are, rightly or wrongly, matter for scorn and contempt rather than for congratulation. No one has better earned some recognition from the Government of his country than has Sir John Seeley. This recognition, no doubt, has been due almost entirely to the fact that the present Prime Minister takes a very keen interest in one of the subjects which Professor Seeley has made peculiarly his own—that is to say, our empire abroad, or, in the Professor's own words, "the expansion of England." On this matter, Sir John Seeley has been one of the most exhilarating literary forces of the day—perhaps the most exhilarating; he has made Englishmen more proud, if possible, of their empire than any other literary artist has done. This, however, is not the new Knight's only claim to his dignity: it is no small matter to have kindled a keen and exciting interest in the great religious problems of our time, and the reverent study which the author of "Ecce Homo" gave to these problems brought him the sincere congratulations of a large number of leaders of English thought, particularly clergymen of the English Church, with whose views his had certainly little in common. Last, and by no means least, one feels that the study of history has been honoured by the title conferred on Professor Seeley. When he succeeded the late Canon Kingsley at Cambridge, this study fell far short in that University of what obtained in the sister University, where Dr. Stubbs and Professor Freeman held sway. Dr. Seeley recognised this, and set himself to work to remedy it. His influence in the University has been of the highest value in connection with this important branch of study, and his own contributions to the subject, his "Life of Stein" and "Biography of Napoleon," are alone calculated to save Cambridge from the aspersion that it has quite lost sight of the honourable traditions of Lord Macaulay.

Another dignitary of the Church of England died on March 15—namely, the Very Rev. the Hon. George Herbert, Dean of Hereford. This clergyman, who was born in 1825, was the third son of the second Earl of Powis, and was educated at Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge. After serving as curate of Kidderminster

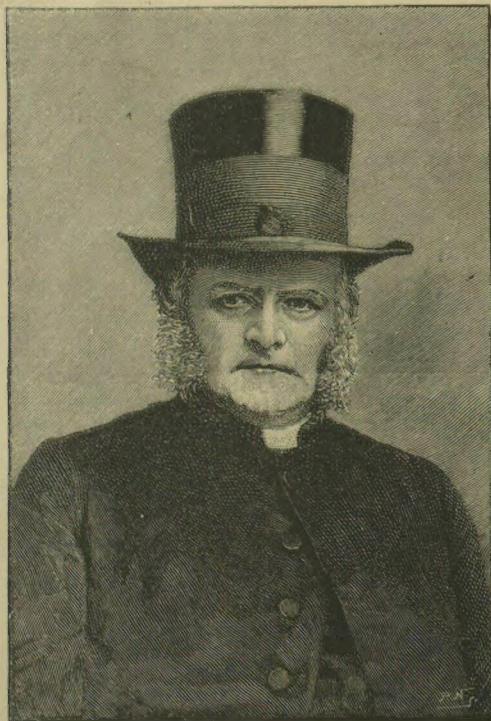


Photo by Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street.

THE LATE VERY REV. GEORGE HERBERT, M.A.

from 1850 to 1855, he became a prebendary of Hereford Cathedral, and between 1855 and 1867 held the family living of Clun, Shropshire. He was appointed Dean of Hereford in 1867.

A Colonial correspondent, regarding the new Premier from a Colonial standpoint, writes: "Nowhere has Lord Rosebery's acceptance of the Premiership been more welcomed than in Colonial circles. Why is this? Largely because Lord Rosebery was one of the first Ministers of the Crown to break definitely away from the tenets of the Manchester school. 'The Empire is large enough, and does not need extension'—to Lord Rosebery from the very outset of his public career that saying came as flat heresy. 'Pegging out claims' for the future of the Empire appeared to him as the highest task laid upon British statesmanship. 'It is,' he held, 'part of our responsibility to take care that the world, so far as it

can be moulded by us, shall receive an Anglo-Saxon rather than another stamp.' But the claims thus pegged out are not for the selfish enjoyment and profit of the mother land.

"The connection of the Colonies and India with the mother country has," said Lord Rosebery, eight years ago, "been the dream of my life." And it has not been a dream alone. The Imperial Federation League is now gone the way of the Anti-Corn Law League, and many another centre of new thought and action; but it has left abundant seeds of a new Imperial life behind it in the policy of every Imperial and Colonial administration, in the columns of every British and Colonial journal, and in the words and thoughts of every public man. To Lord Rosebery's tactful hand the League owed much of its usefulness. Without his caution and zeal it must have gone to pieces in the shoals of faction, long before its influence had permeated the race. Its legacy is an unquenchable faith in the British Empire as 'the greatest secular agency for good now known to mankind.' 'It would be nothing,' said Lord Rosebery in his memorable speech at the unveiling of Sir John Macdonald's bust in St. Paul's Cathedral, 'were it the symbol of violence and rapine, or even of conquest. It is what it is because it represents everywhere peace, civilisation, and commerce, the negation of narrowness, and the gospel of humanity.'"

Jules Massenet, the French composer, whose new opera, "Thais," was produced at the Grand Opéra in Paris last week, is the youngest member of a family numbering twenty-one children. His father was one of Napoleon the First's most distinguished officers. On the lad developing a strong musical talent he was sent to the Conservatoire at the age of fifteen, becoming in turn the pupil of Laurent, Reber, and Ambroise Thomas. In 1859 Jules Massenet obtained the first prize for instrumental playing. Four years later one of his compositions, a cantata entitled "David Rizzio," won him a *Prix de Rome*. After five years spent in Italy and Germany, he made his debut as a composer at the Opéra Comique; and his great successes have all taken place in this classical theatre, notably "Le Roi de Lahore," "Manon," and "Esclarmonde." M. Massenet is an earnest and painstaking composer. He always gets up at five, and works steadily till noon. He was one of the first to recognise Wagner's genius, his favourite opera being "Tannhäuser." Unlike Gounod, Massenet always composes without a piano, and he considers that his best work is done in the country and out of doors. In 1878 he replaced M. Bazin as Professor at the Conservatoire, and was elected a member of the French Institute thirteen years ago. M. Massenet will be fifty-two next May.

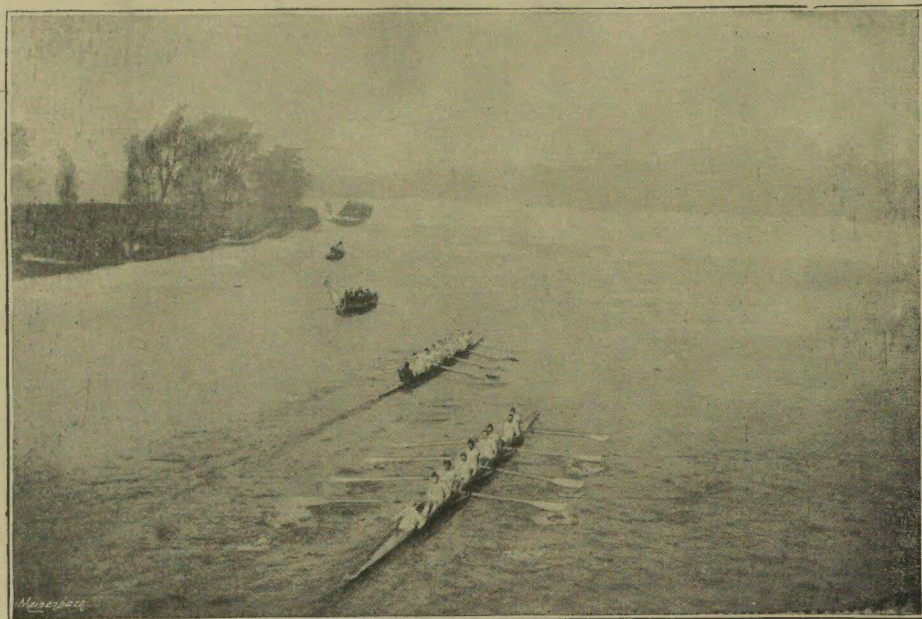
Anatole France, on whose novel "Thais" the libretto of Jules Massenet's opera is based, was till lately better known as a critic than as a novelist. His first essay in fiction, "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," was crowned by the French Academy, and is one of the few French novels which can be placed in the hands of any young girl. The same, however, cannot be said of his later novels. M. France has not attached himself to any school. "Thais" deserves to rank with "Salambo" as an historical study. Since the year 1887 Anatole France has contributed a weekly literary causerie to the *Temps* newspaper, and his short stories have become a feature of both the *Gil Blas* and *Echo de Paris*.

The death of the Rev. Robert Brown-Borthwick deprives the Church of a clergyman whose hymn-tunes are familiar wherever English people meet. Mr. Brown-Borthwick was originally educated for the Army, and went through the Dano-Prussian War as a spectator. He was ordained in 1865, and was for some time assistant-minister at Quebec Chapel. His clerical life is, however, associated with the Church of All Saints', Scarborough, of which he was first incumbent. There his fine musical taste was felt in every part of the service, just as his organising power was in the parish. His popularity in the town was proved when in 1883 he came in at the head of the poll for the School Board. While firm in his own convictions he was full of charity towards the views of others, and was universally liked. He was one of the editors of "Church Hymns," and is represented in that collection by some of its most popular music. Mr. Brown-Borthwick met under romantic circumstances and married Miss Borthwick, of Borthwick Castle and Crookston, N.B. In July last he came up to London, having effected an exchange with the Vicar of St. John's, Clapham Rise. But his health grew worse, and eventually he entered a private hospital for an operation, and there died.

The trustees of the British Museum have made an important application to the House of Commons. They want power to acquire about five-and-a-half acres of ground with a view to the eventual enlargement of the historic building which is under their care. The housing of the priceless treasures in the keeping of the trustees is a national interest, and it is not likely that even Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton will object to the necessary expenditure for extending the site of the Museum. When this is done the trustees will have some fourteen acres at their disposal, and they are not likely to suffer from lack of room for a generation or two. The land to be purchased is the property of the Duke of Bedford, and, although it was valued at £240,000 thirty years ago, the Duke is willing to

take £200,000, a sacrifice which must be accounted to a London ground landlord for righteousness.

Stafford House, St. James's, possesses a magnificent hall, with columns of grey marble carrying a tall ceiling above a noble staircase, on the walls of which appear fine frescoes, and the other decorations whereof are all white and gold. On March 16 the fine apartment was given over to a sale of work to aid the Rosslyn Home of Rest. The Dowager Countess of Rosslyn is the mother of the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, whose literary gifts are so well known. Very charming she looked at the sale in her house, in a dress of brown beige made quite plainly, the skirt and bodice edged with black and gold passementerie, and a hat of emerald-green velvet, with a panache of black plumes at the left side, and a large cluster of violets at the extreme back and front. Her Grace presided over the china stall, entirely furnished with Copeland's china of the daintiest order. Her younger sister, Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine, had charge of the flower stall. Like her two elder sisters, Lady Angela is very tall and graceful. She wore a pale-brown ribbed crêpon, made with a triple shoulder-cape, each edge of which was trimmed with skunk; above this appeared a deep turned-down collar of white satin, which continued into revers, the satin everywhere covered with fine white Brussels appliqué. Between the revers appeared a tiny three-cornered vest also of white satin, but striped, and covered with thin net. Lady Algy Gordon-Lennox had a most useful, as well as handsome, stall of embroidered table-covers and lamp-shades. The Dowager Lady Rosslyn



THE UNIVERSITIES BOAT-RACE: VIEWED FROM HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

See "Our Illustrations."

and Miss Turner held a stall of fancy articles, dressed dolls, knitted things, children's clothing, and so on.

Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has a growing reputation as a Scotchman who does not "joke w' deefficulty." When he is in the mood the Secretary for War can be very entertaining. He made a capital speech at the Press Club dinner, and besought the sympathy of the journalists especially for the public man who dreads to have his bygone oratory quoted against him. This is a widespread grievance. Lord Rosebery gave it pathetic expression at Edinburgh, when he said that after a bitter experience he had determined to avoid epigrams, and to model his utterances on the Queen's Speeches to Parliament. Perhaps the only politician who enjoyed a virtual immunity from the ingenuity of commentators was the late Mr. W. H. Smith. Lord Rosebery had better study that admirable man's oratorical style.

Among the giddy throng at the last Fancy-Dress Ball in Covent Garden Theatre there moved a mysterious

KING JOHANNIS.
At the Covent Garden Fancy Ball.

portly figure, with dignified mien and stately tread. It was the "Johannis King," who was monarch of all he surveyed. His sway over the many subjects who own allegiance to him throughout the wide world was just as complete on this occasion in the gaily decorated theatre. In fact, the popularity of his Majesty almost overshadowed that of Sir Augustus Harris, which is saying a good deal. There were other noticeable fancy dresses, including an excellent version of an Indian chief, a clever impersonation of the Duke of York, and a Charles Surface who might have stepped out of "The School for Scandal," so excellent was his "make-up."

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Florence; the Prince of Wales is on the shores of the Mediterranean, or with his yacht, the Britannia; the Princess of Wales is at Sandringham.

The Empress Frederick has left England, departing on Monday, March 19, on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, from Port Victoria, Sheerness, to Flushing, on her return to Germany. Her Majesty on March 14 visited the Shoreditch Technical Schools, and received an address of welcome at the Townhall.

Mr. Bainbridge, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's English secretary, and master of the household at Clarence House, has been summoned to Coburg, and has left England for the purpose of carrying out certain arrangements in connection with the wedding of Princess Victoria Melita of Edinburgh to the Grand Duke of Hesse. The wedding, it is understood, has been fixed for April 19, and there will be a large number of royal personages present, including, it is stated, the Queen, the late Grand Duchess of Coburg, the Emperor of Germany, the Empress Frederick, the Prince of Wales, and probably the Duke of Connaught. Several German princes will also attend.

The Admiralty has ordered the muzzle-loading and obsolete breech-loading guns stored in various parts of the world for the arming of merchant cruisers in times of emergency, to be replaced by breech-loading and quick-firing guns of the latest pattern.

with a verdict for the plaintiffs, the jury speedily finding that Mr. Smethurst had not done what Rumbold, when condemned to death, said he had; and the Judge said that Mr. Smethurst's cross-examination showed nothing against his being a most upright man. Sir Edward Clarke, Q.C., was counsel for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Aspinall, Q.C., for the defendants.

The half-yearly meeting of the proprietors of the Bank of England was held on March 15. The Governor, Mr. David Powell, announced a dividend of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., at the rate of 9 per cent. per annum. Since Aug. 31 the liabilities of Messrs. Baring Brothers have been reduced from £4,223,001 to £3,557,667, while the assets represent an apparent surplus of £465,574. With reference to the removal of Mr. May from the chief cashiership, it became known last November that Mr. May had committed grave irregularities in making advances to certain customers, and had allowed a considerable overdraft without the knowledge of the governors. He had also engaged in Stock Exchange speculations, which placed him in serious pecuniary difficulties. The Bank would incur, in advances insufficiently covered, a loss which could not yet be ascertained, but £250,000 had been set apart to meet all contingencies.

A remarkable case has been tried at the West Riding Assizes before Mr. Justice Collins. A young man named Badland was indicted for the manslaughter of his father. The deceased man had struck his wife with a poker and was pursuing her across the yard when the prisoner interposed,

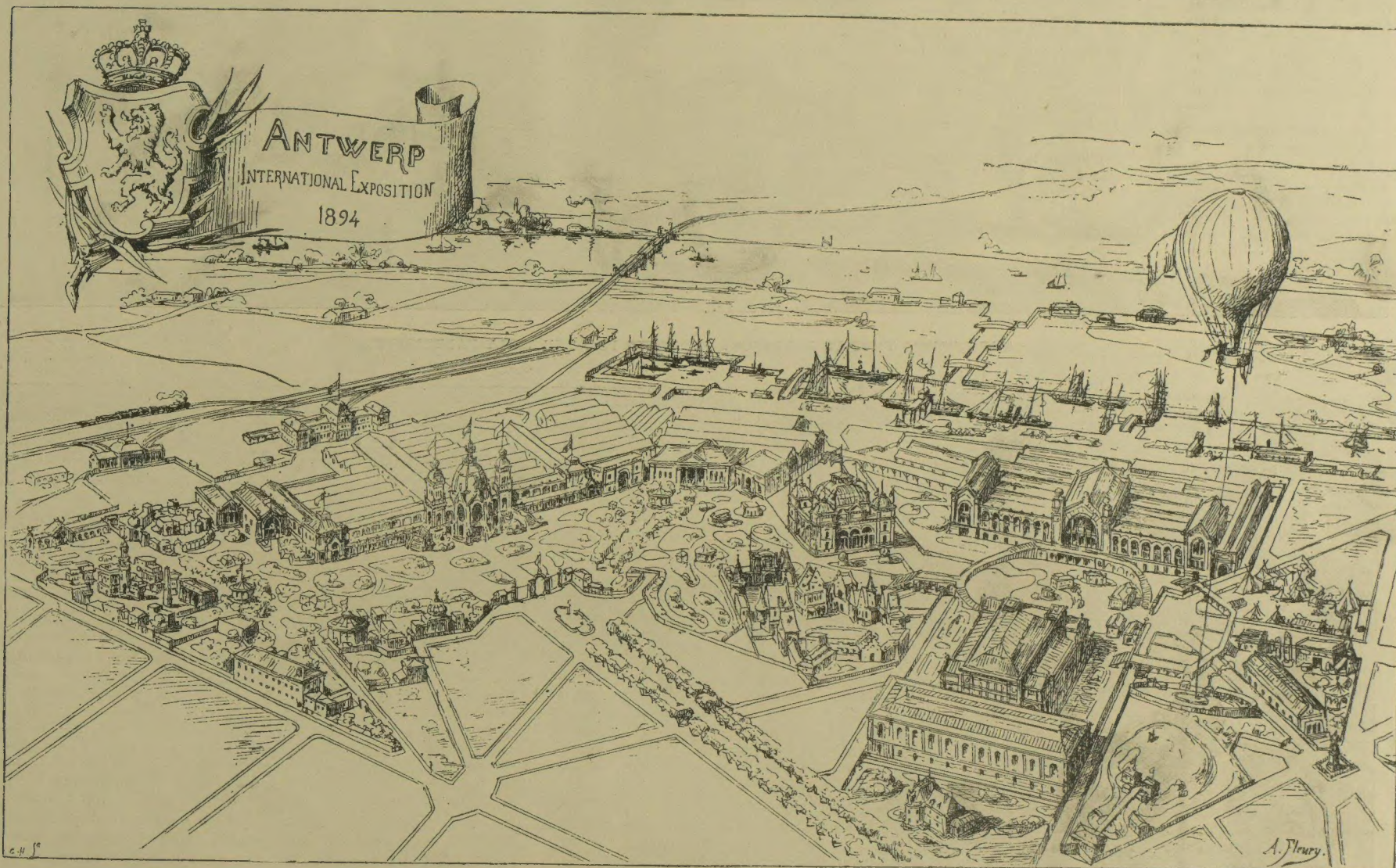
and there is to be a new tax on domestic servants, while the charges on account of railway interest are to be spread over future years. Some more Anarchists have been arrested in Paris. Two of them, Léon Ortiz, of Mexican birth, and Bertani, fashionably dressed young men, were connected with a gang of burglars.

At Lucca, in Italy, on March 18, a bomb with a lighted fuse was found in a corridor of the Pantera theatre during the performance of a play. It was extinguished without doing harm. Five persons have been arrested.

The German Imperial Diet at Berlin, after some further debate and a division, in which the Government obtained 205 and their opponents 151 votes, passed the second reading of the Russian commercial treaty. The third reading of the Bill abolishing certificates of origin on the re-exportation of cereals was agreed to. There was some opposition by the Social Democrats to a vote of £200,000 for the national memorial to the Emperor William I.

An Act of the Episcopal Synod in Serbia has been published in Belgrade, annulling the decree of divorce between King Milan and Queen Nathalie, pronounced by the late Metropolitan Theodosius, and declaring the marriage celebrated on Oct. 5, 1875, to be valid.

The American Senate, by forty-four to thirty-one votes, has passed the Silver Seigniorage Coinage Bill. The Bill now goes to the President, and there is an expectation that it will become law. It authorises the coining of £11,031,336 seigniorage, provides for the issue of notes thereon in



Algerian Village. Railroad Dépôt. Marine Display. American Building. Machinery Hall. Captive Balloon.
Russian Village. Military Exhibit. Hall of Industries. Electricity Building. Museum. American Plaisance.
Cairo Street. Turkish Village. Main Entrance. Festival Hall. Old Antwerp. Art Gallery. Aquatic Exhibit.

The Institution of Naval Architects has opened its session at the Adelphi under the presidency of Admiral Sir J. D. Hay, who delivered a brief address. Mr. W. H. White, Director of Naval Construction, read a paper on the qualities and performances of recent first-class battle-ships.

The Royal National Pension Fund for Nurses has accumulated a sum of nearly £170,000, and has an annual budget from nurses' payments and invested moneys of over £30,000. Last year nearly £600 was distributed in sick pay. The sum of £5800 has been set aside to increase the annuities of "the first thousand nurses" as they become due.

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, founded in 1879 for female students desirous of availing themselves of the opportunities offered by the Association for the Education of Women at Oxford, aims at providing an academical house on the principles of the Church of England, and is in need of £10,000 with which to purchase land and raise buildings.

The monthly memorandum of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade states that the improvement in the state of employment reported last month has been well maintained, and the prospect still continues hopeful.

In the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, Mr. Justice Barnes and a special jury have been trying an action in which Mr. Henry Smethurst, an alderman of Grimsby, owner of the smack Fortuna, and the master and crew, sued the owners of the trawler Ibis for sinking the smack by a collision. The defendants alleged that the collision was caused by the wilful act of Henry Rumbold, the master of the Ibis, and that Mr. Smethurst had incited Rumbold to sink the Fortuna. A peculiar feature of the case is that Rumbold some time after the collision committed a murder at Grimsby, for which he was convicted and executed. The trial ended on Monday, March 19,

seized the poker, and struck him across the head, inflicting fatal injuries. Mr. Justice Collins then had his attention called to Archbold's "Criminal Practice." This stated that "When a man kills another upon a sudden encounter, merely in his own defence, or in defence of his wife, child, parent, or servant, and not from any vindictive feeling," it was excusable homicide. His Lordship, turning to the jury, said, "Yes, I think the law goes farther than I was prepared to lay it down. If you are of opinion that the life of the mother was in danger, and that the blow struck by the prisoner was a reasonable blow given for the purpose of protecting his mother from danger, then it would come under the same category as a blow struck in self-defence." Upon this the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," and the prisoner was discharged.

The London School Board, at a very angry and disorderly meeting, resolved on March 15 that the religious instruction in Board schools is to be that of the doctrine of the Trinity. A circular to teachers, with an amendment providing that candidates for teacherships should not be subjected to any questions with regard to their religious belief, was eventually carried by 27 to 21 votes.

The Home Secretary has awarded £200 to the relatives of the miners shot during the Featherstone colliery strike riots. Mr. Asquith explains as his reason for not awarding a larger sum that there is no legal claim against the Government.

The French Chamber of Deputies, before adjourning for Easter, passed a Bill to create a separate Ministry for the Colonies. The French Budget shows increase of expenditure amounting to £3,360,000, and a decrease of receipts estimated at £2,200,000, making a total deficit of £5,560,000. Towards this the Rente conversion will provide £2,720,000,

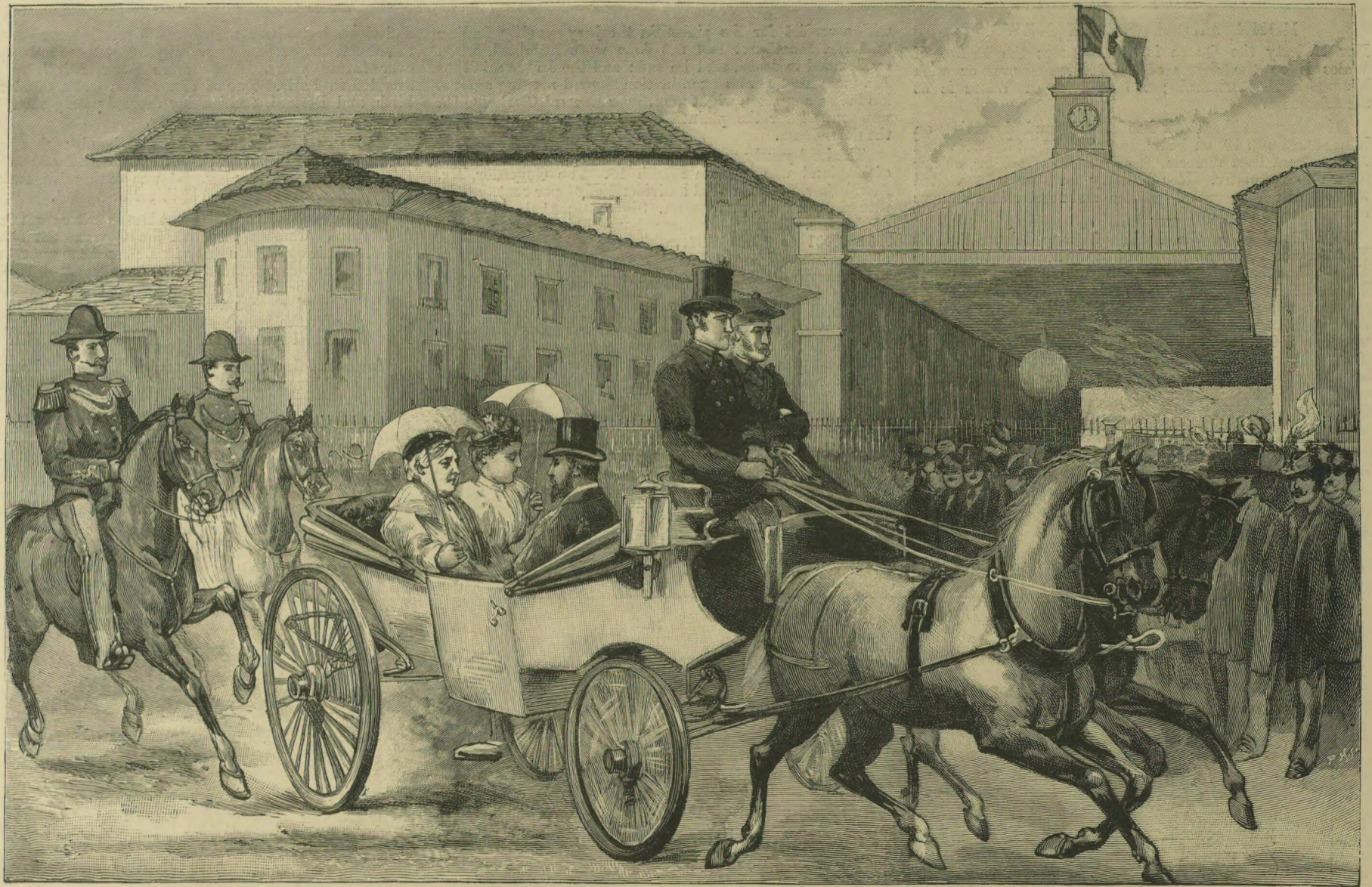
advance of coinage, and orders the coining of all the silver bullion in the Treasury.

In South Africa the native chiefs of Pondoland have submitted to British rule. It is officially announced that the British Government has agreed to the proposal of the Portuguese Government to refer to arbitration the delimitation of the British and Portuguese territories in Manicaland.

We learn from Peking that the Empress of China gave birth to a son in February. This event was regarded with especial interest throughout the Chinese Empire, as it may ensure the perpetuation of the Manchu dynasty.

ANTWERP INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

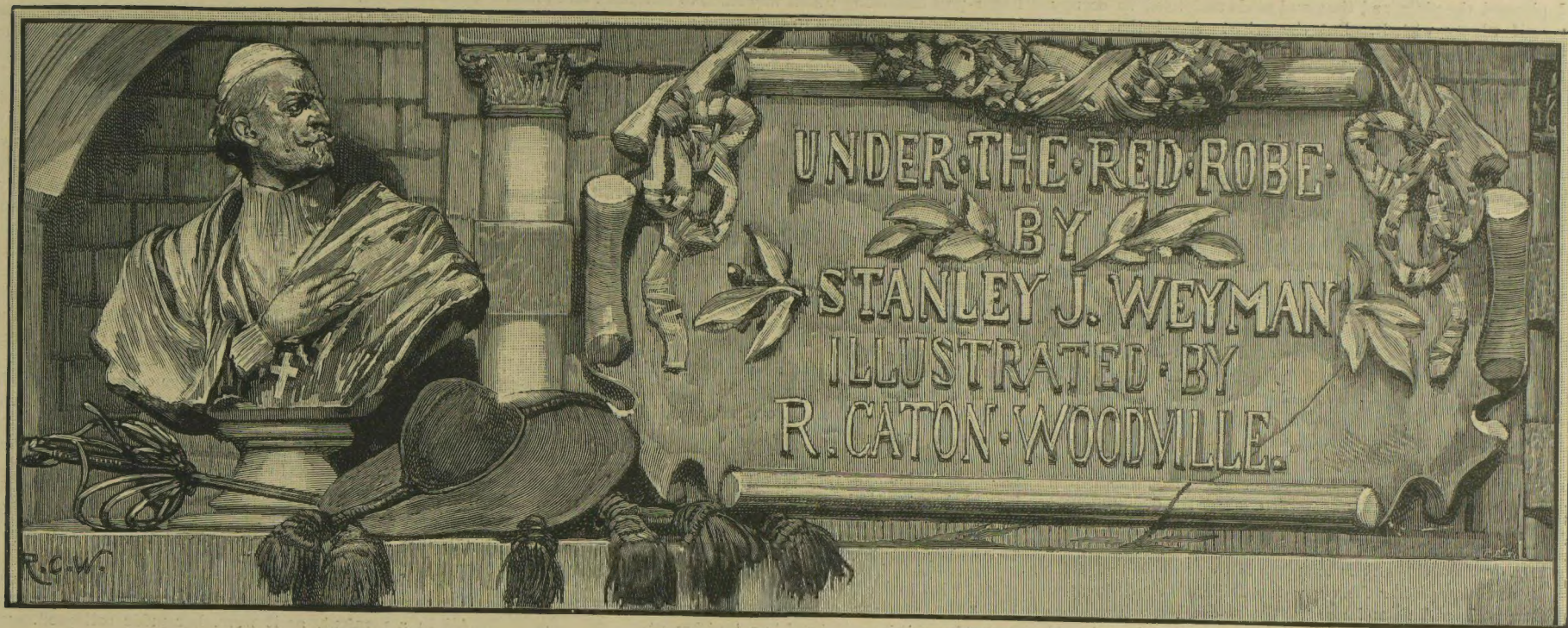
The rapidly increasing commercial prosperity of the city of Antwerp, as the seaport not only of the Belgian and Flemish Netherlands, but also of the Rhineland and western provinces of Germany, has for thirty years past been a notable feature of Continental traffic. It is due partly to the Scheldt navigation having been released by international agreement from the shipping dues imposed by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, and continued after the political separation of Belgium from Holland. Antwerp has, indeed, recovered much of its ancient importance as a trading port, and as the outlet of Belgian manufacturing industry, which it lost under the Spanish rule three centuries ago. Few cities are more interesting to visitors, on account of historical associations, noble edifices, and excellent works of painting and sculpture. The great Exhibition this year to be opened from May 5 to Nov. 12, under the patronage of King Leopold II., is likely to be highly attractive; and British manufacturers, inventors, artists, and scientific men will no doubt be well represented upon this inviting occasion.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FLORENCE: EN ROUTE FOR THE VILLA FABBRICOTTI.



THE TRADES-UNIONS' DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK ON SUNDAY, MARCH 18.



CHAPTER XII.

AT THE FINGER-POST.

Through all, it will have been noticed, Mademoiselle had not spoken to me, nor said one word, good or bad. She had played her part grimly, had taken defeat in silence if with tears, had tried neither prayer nor defence nor apology. And the fact that the fight was now over, and the scene left behind, made no difference in her conduct. She kept her face averted from me, and affected to ignore my presence. I caught my horse feeding by the roadside, a furlong forward, and mounted and fell into place behind the two, as in the morning. And just as we had plodded on then in silence we plodded on now; while I wondered at the unfathomable ways of women, and marvelled that she could take part in such an incident and remain unchanged.

Yet it had made a change in her. Though her mask served her well it could not entirely hide her emotions; and by and by I marked that her head drooped, that she rode listlessly, that the lines of her figure were altered. I noticed that she had flung away, or furtively dropped, her riding-whip; and I began to understand that to the old hatred of me were now added shame and vexation on her own account; shame that she had so lowered herself, even to save her brother, vexation that defeat had been her only reward.

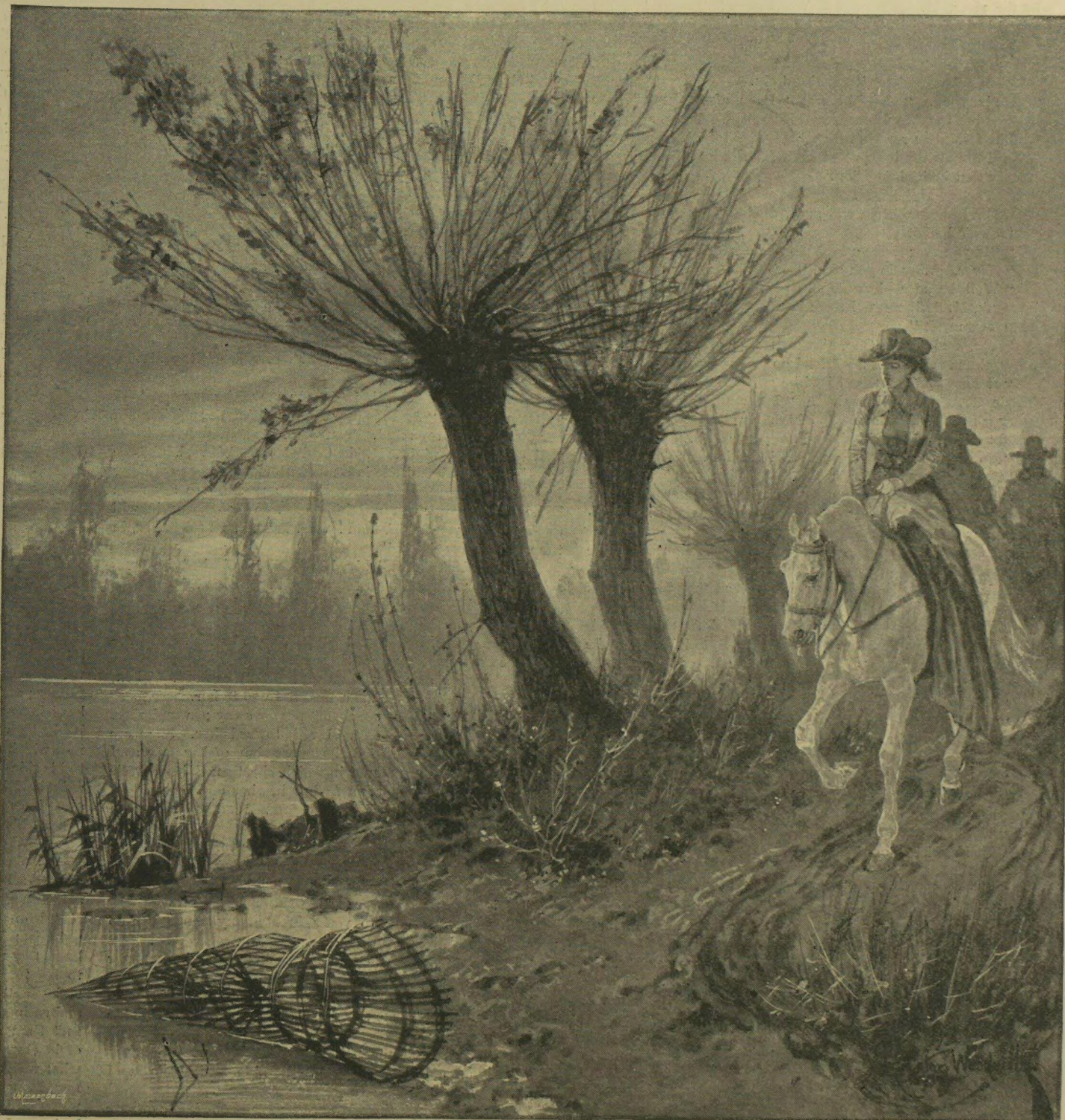
Of this I saw a sign at Lectoure, where the inn had but one common room and we must all dine in company. I secured for them a table by the fire, and leaving them standing by it, retired myself to a smaller one near the door. There were no other guests, which made the separation between us more marked. M. de Cocheforêt seemed to feel this. He shrugged his shoulders and looked at me with a smile half sad half comical. But Mademoiselle was implacable. She had taken off her mask, and her face was like stone. Once, only once during the meal, I saw a change come over her. She coloured, I suppose, at her thoughts, until her face flamed from brow to chin. I watched the blush spread and spread; and then she slowly and proudly turned her shoulder to me and looked through the window at the shabby street.

I suppose that she and her brother had both built on this attempt, which must have been arranged at Auch. For when we went on in the afternoon, I marked a change in them. They rode like people resigned to the worst. The grey realities of the position, the dreary hopeless future, began to hang like a mist before their eyes, began to tinge the landscape with sadness, robbed even the sunset of its colours. With each hour his spirits flagged and his speech became less frequent; until presently when the light was nearly gone and the dusk was round us the brother and sister rode hand in hand, silent, gloomy, one at least of them weeping. The cold shadow of the Cardinal, of Paris, of the scaffold fell on them, and chilled them. As the mountains

which they had known all their lives sank and faded behind us, and we entered on the wide, low valley of the Garonne, their hopes sank and faded also—sank to the dead level of despair. Surrounded by guards, a mark for curious glances, with pride for a companion, M. de Cocheforêt could have borne himself bravely; doubtless would bear himself bravely still when the end came. But almost alone, moving forward through the grey evening to a prison, with so many measured days before him, and nothing to exhilarate or anger—in this condition it was little wonder if he felt, and betrayed that he felt, the blood run slow in his veins; if he thought more of the weeping wife and ruined home which

he had left behind him than of the cause in which he had spent himself.

But God knows, they had no monopoly of gloom. I felt almost as sad myself. Long before sunset the flush of triumph, the heat of battle, which had warmed my heart at noon, were gone, giving place to a chill dissatisfaction, a nausea, a despondency such as I have known follow a long night at the tables. Hitherto there had been difficulties to be overcome, risks to be run, doubts about the end. Now the end was certain and very near; so near that it filled all the prospect. One hour of triumph I might still have, I would have. I hugged the thought of it as a gambler hugs his last stake.



We reached Agen very late that evening, after groping our way through a byroad near the river.

I planned the place and time and mode and tried to occupy myself wholly with it. But the price? Alas! that would intrude itself, and more frequently as the evening waned; so that as I marked this or that thing by the road, which I could recall passing on my journey south with thoughts so different, with plans that now seemed so very, very old, I asked myself grimly if this were really I; if this were Gil de Berault, known at Zaton's, *premier joueur*, or some Don Quichotte from Castille tilting at windmills and taking barbers' bowls for gold.

We reached Agen very late that evening, after groping our way through a byroad near the river set with holes and willow-stools and frog-spawn—a place no better than a slough; so that after it the great fires and lights at the Blue Maid seemed like a glimpse of a new world, and in a twinkling put something of life and spirits into two at least of us. There was queer talk round the hearth here of doings in Paris, of a stir against the Cardinal with the Queen-mother at bottom, and of grounded expectations that something might this time come of it. But the landlord pooh-poohed the idea; and I more than agreed with him. Even M. de Cocheforêt, who was at first inclined to build on it, gave up hope when he heard that it came only by way of Montauban, whence—since its reduction the year before—all sorts of *canards* against the Cardinal were always on the wing.

"They kill him about once a month," our host said, with a grin. "Sometimes it is *Monsieur* is to prove a match for him, sometimes *César Monsieur*—the Duke of Vendôme, you understand—and sometimes the Queen-mother. But since M. de Chalais and the Marshal made a mess of it and paid forfeit, I pin my faith to his Eminence—that is his new title, they tell me."

"Things are quiet round here?" I asked.

"Perfectly. Since the Languedoc business came to an end, all goes well," he answered.

Mademoiselle had retired on our arrival, so that her brother and I were for an hour or two thrown together. I left him at liberty to separate himself if he pleased, but he did not use the opportunity. A kind of comradeship, rendered piquant by our peculiar relations, had begun to spring up between us. He seemed to take an odd pleasure in my company, more than once rallied me on my post as jailer, would ask humorously if he might do this or that; and once even inquired what I should do if he broke his parole.

"Or take it this way," he continued flippantly. "Suppose I had stuck you in the back this evening in that cursed swamp by the river, M. de Berault? What then? *Pardieu!* I am astonished at myself that I did not do it. I could have been in Montauban within twenty-four hours, and found fifty hiding places and no one the wiser."

"Except your sister," I said quietly.

He laughed. "Yes," he said, "I am afraid I must have stabbed her too, to preserve my self-respect. You are right." And he fell into a reverie which held him for a few minutes. Then I found him looking at me with a kind of frank perplexity that invited question.

"What is it?" I said.

"You have fought a great many duels?"

"Yes," I said.

"Did you ever strike a foul blow in one?"

"Never. Why do you ask?"

"Well, because—I wanted to confirm an impression. To be frank, M. de Berault, I seem to see in you two men."

"Two men?"

"Yes, two men. One, the man who captured me; the other, the man who let my friend go free to-day."

"It surprised you that I let him go? That was prudence, M. de Cocheforêt," I replied. "I am an old gambler. I know when the stakes are too high for me. The man who caught a lion in his wolf-pit had no great catch."

"No, that is true," he answered smiling. "And yet—I find two men in your skin."

"I daresay that there are two in most men's skins," I answered with a sigh. "But not always together. Sometimes one is there, and sometimes the other."

"How does the one like taking up the other's work?" he asked keenly.

I shrugged my shoulders. "That is as may be," I said. "You do not take an estate without the debts."

He did not answer for a moment, and I fancied that his thoughts had reverted to his own case. But on a sudden he looked at me again. "Will you answer a question, M. de Berault?" he said winningly.

"Perhaps," I replied.

"Then tell me—it is a tale I am sure worth the telling. What was it that, in a very evil hour for me, sent you in search of me?"

"The Cardinal," I answered.

"I did not ask who," he replied drily. "I asked, what. You had no grudge against me?"

"No."

"No knowledge of me?"

"No."

"Then what on earth induced you to do it? Heavens! man," he continued bluntly, and speaking with greater freedom than he had before used, "Nature never intended you for a tipstaff! What was it then?"

I rose. It was very late, and the room was empty, the fire low. "I will tell you—to-morrow," I said. "I shall have something to say to you then, of which that will be part."

He looked at me in great astonishment; with a little suspicion too. But I called for a light, and by going at once to bed, cut short his questions.

Those who know the south road to Agen, and how the vineyards rise in terraces north of the town, one level of red earth above another, green in summer but in late autumn bare and stony, will remember a particular place where the road two leagues from the town runs up a steep hill. At the top of the hill four roads meet; and there, plain seen against the sky, is a

finger-post indicating which way leads to Bordeaux and which to Montauban and which to Périgueux.

This hill had impressed me greatly on my journey south; perhaps because I had taken from it my first extended view of the Garonne Valley, and had there felt myself on the verge of the south country where my mission lay. It had taken root in my memory, so that I had come to look upon its bare rounded head, with the finger-post and the four roads, as the first outpost of Paris, as the first sign of return to the old life.

Now for two days I had been looking forward to seeing it again. That long stretch of road would do admirably for something I had in my mind. That sign-post, with the roads pointing north, south, east, and west—could there be a better place for meetings and partings?

We came to the bottom of the ascent about an hour before noon—M. de Cocheforêt, Mademoiselle, and I. We had reversed the order of yesterday, and I rode ahead; they came after at their leisure. But at the foot of the hill I stopped, and letting Mademoiselle pass on, detained M. de Cocheforêt by a gesture. "Pardon me, one moment," I said. "I want to ask a favour."

He looked at me somewhat fretfully; with a gleam of wildness in his eyes that betrayed how the iron was eating into his heart. He had started after breakfast as gaily as a bridegroom, but gradually he had sunk below himself; and now he had much ado to curb his impatience. "Of me?" he said bitterly. "What is it?"

"I wish to have a few words with Mademoiselle—alone," I said.

"Alone?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes," I replied, without blenching, though his face grew dark. "For the matter of that you can be within call all the time if you please. But I have a reason for wishing to ride a little way with her."

"To tell her something?"

"Yes."

"Then you can tell it to me," he retorted suspiciously. "Mademoiselle, I will answer for it, has no desire to—"

"See me or speak to me!" I said. "I can understand that. Yet I want to speak to her."

"Very well, you can speak to her in my presence," he answered rudely. "Let us ride on and join her." And he made a movement as if to do so.

"That will not do, M. de Cocheforêt," I said firmly, stopping him with my hand. "Let me beg you to be more complaisant. It is a small thing I ask, a very small thing; but I swear to you that if Mademoiselle does not grant it, she will repent it all her life."

He looked at me, his face growing darker and darker. "Fine words!" he said with a sneer. "Yet I fancy I understand them." And then with a passionate oath he broke out in a different tone, "But I will not have it! I have not been blind, M. de Berault, and I understand. But I will not have it! I will have no such Judas bargain made! *Pardieu!* do you think I could suffer it and show my face again?"

"I don't know what you mean!" I said, restraining myself with difficulty. I could have struck the fool.

"But I know what *you* mean!" he replied in a tone of repressed rage. "You would have her sell herself: sell herself to you to save me! And you would have me stand by and see the thing done. No, Sir, never, never, though I go to the wheel! I will die a gentleman, if I have lived a fool."

"I think you will do the one as certainly as you have done the other!" I retorted in my exasperation. And yet I admired him.

"Oh, I am not quite a fool!" he cried, scowling at me. "I have used my eyes."

"Then be good enough to favour me with your ears!" I answered drily. "And listen when I say that no such bargain has ever crossed my mind. You were kind enough to think well of me last night, M. de Cocheforêt. Why should the mention of Mademoiselle in a moment change your opinion? I wish simply to speak to her. I have nothing to ask from her, neither favour nor anything else. What I say she will doubtless tell you. *Ciel!* man! what harm can I do to her, in the road in your sight?"

He looked at me sullenly, his face still flushed, his eyes suspicious. "What do you want to say to her?" he asked jealously. He was quite unlike himself. His airy nonchalance, his careless gaiety were gone.

"You know what I do not want to say to her, M. de Cocheforêt," I answered. "That should be enough."

He glowered at me a moment, still ill content. Then, without a word, he made me a gesture to go to her.

She had halted a score of paces away; wondering, doubtless, what was on foot. I rode towards her. She wore her mask, so that I missed the expression of her face as I approached, but the manner in which she turned her horse's head uncompromisingly towards her brother and looked past me was full of meaning. I felt the ground suddenly dug from under me. I saluted her, trembling.

"Mademoiselle," I said, "will you grant me the privilege of your company for a few minutes as we ride?"

"To what purpose?" she answered; in the coldest voice in which I think a woman ever spoke to a man.

"That I may explain to you a great many things you do not understand," I murmured.

"I prefer to be in the dark," she replied. And her manner said more than her words.

"But Mademoiselle," I pleaded—I would not be discouraged—"you told me one day that you would never judge me hastily again."

"Facts judge you, not I," she answered icily. "I am not sufficiently on a level with you to be able to judge you—I thank God."

I shivered, though the sun was on me and the hollow where we stood was warm. "Still, once before you thought the same," I exclaimed, "and afterwards you found that you had been wrong. It may be so again, Mademoiselle."

"Impossible," she said.

That stung me. "No!" I cried. "It is not impossible. It is you who are impossible! It is you who are heartless, Mademoiselle. I have done much in the last three days to make things lighter for you; now I ask you to do something in return which can cost you nothing."

"Nothing?" she answered slowly, and she looked at me; and her eyes and her voice cut me as if they had been knives. "Do you think, Monsieur, it costs me nothing to lose my self-respect, as I do with every word I speak to you? Do you think it costs me nothing to be here when I feel every look you cast upon me to be an insult, every breath I take in your presence a contamination? Nothing, Monsieur?" she continued with bitter irony. "Nay, something! But something which I should despair of making clear to you."

I sat for a moment confounded, quivering with pain. It had been one thing to feel that she hated and scorned me, to know that the trust and confidence which she had begun to place in me were become loathing. It was another to listen to her hard, pitiless words, to change colour under the lash of her gibing tongue. For a moment I could not find voice to answer her. Then I pointed to M. de Cocheforêt. "Do you love him?" I said hoarsely, roughly. The gibing tone had passed from her voice to mine.

She did not answer.

"Because if you do you will let me tell my tale. Say no but once more, Mademoiselle—I am only human—and I go. And you will repent it all your life."

I had done better had I taken that tone from the beginning. She winced, her head drooped, she seemed to grow smaller. All in a moment, as it were, her pride collapsed. "I will hear you," she murmured.

"Then we will ride on, if you please," I said, keeping the advantage I had gained. "You need not fear. Your brother will follow."

I caught hold of her rein and turned her horse, and she suffered it without demur. In a moment we were pacing side by side, with the long straight road before us. At the end where it topped the hill, I could see the finger-post, two faint black lines against the sky. When we reached that—involuntarily I checked my horse and made it move more slowly.

"Well, Sir?" she said impatiently. And her figure shook as with cold.

"It is a tale I desire to tell you, Mademoiselle," I answered. "Perhaps I may seem to begin a long way off, but before I end I promise to interest you. Two months ago there was living in Paris a man—perhaps a bad man—at any rate, by common report a hard man; a man with a peculiar reputation."

She turned to me suddenly, her eyes gleaming through her mask. "Oh, Monsieur, spare me this!" she said, quietly scornful. "I will take it for granted."

"Very well," I replied steadfastly. "Good or bad, he one day, in defiance of the Cardinal's edict against duelling, fought with a young Englishman behind St. Jacques' Church. The Englishman had influence, the person of whom I speak had none, and an indifferent name; he was arrested, thrown into the Châtelet, cast for death, left for days to face death. At last an offer was made to him. If he would seek out and deliver up another man, an outlaw with a price upon his head, he should himself go free."

I paused and drew a deep breath. Then I continued, looking not at her, but into the distance.

"Mademoiselle, it seems easy now to say what course he should have chosen. It seems hard now to find excuses for him. But there was one thing which I plead for him. The task he was asked to undertake was a dangerous one. He risked, he knew he must risk, and the event proved him right—his life against the life of this unknown man. And one thing more; there was time before him. The outlaw might be taken by another, might be killed, might die, might— But there, Mademoiselle, we know what answer this person made. He took the baser course, and on his honour, on his parole, with money supplied to him, went free—free on the condition that he delivered up this other man."

I paused again, but I did not dare to look at her; and after a moment of silence I resumed.

"Some portion of the second half of the story you know, Mademoiselle; but not all. Suffice it that this man came down to a remote village, and there at risk—but, Heaven knows, basely enough—found his way into his victim's home. Once there, however, his heart began to fail him. Had he found the house garrisoned by men, he might have pressed to his end with little remorse. But he found there only two helpless loyal women; and I say again that from the first hour of his entrance he sickened at the work he had in hand. Still, he pursued it. He had given his word; and if there was one tradition of his race which this man had never broken, it was that of fidelity to his side—to the man who paid him. But he pursued it with only half his mind, in great misery, if you will believe me; sometimes in agonies of shame. Gradually, however, almost against his will, the drama worked itself out before him, until he needed only one thing."

I looked at Mademoiselle, trembling. But her head was averted: I could gather nothing from the outlines of her form; and I went on.

"Do not misunderstand me," I said in a lower voice. "Do not misunderstand what I am going to say next. This is no love-story; and can have no ending such as romancers love to set to their tales. But I am bound to mention, Mademoiselle, that this man who had lived all his life about inns and eating-houses and at the gaming-tables met here for the first time for years a good woman, and learned by the light of her loyalty and devotion to see what his life had been, and what was the real nature of the work he was doing. I think—nay, I know—that it added a hundredfold to his misery that when he learned at last the secret he had come to surprise, he learned it from her lips, and in such a way that, had he felt no shame, hell could have been no place for him. But in one thing I hope she misjudged him. She thought, and had reason to think, that the moment he knew her secret he went

out, not even closing the door, and used it. But the truth was that while her words were still in his ears news came to him that others had the secret; and had he not gone out on the instant and done what he did, and forestalled them, M. de Cocheforêt would have been taken, but by others."

Mademoiselle broke her long silence so suddenly that her horse sprang forward.

"Would to Heaven he had!" she wailed.

"Been taken by others?" I exclaimed, startled out of my false composure.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she answered passionately. "Why did you not tell me? Why did you not confess to me, even at the last moment? I— Oh! no more! No more!" she continued in a piteous voice; and she tried to urge her horse

firmly. "You must listen to me a little longer whether you will or no, Mademoiselle: for the love you bear to your brother. There is one course still open to me by which I may redeem my honour; and it has been in my mind for some time back to take that course. To-day, I am thankful to say, I can take it cheerfully, if not without regret; with a steadfast heart, if no light one. Mademoiselle," I continued earnestly, feeling none of the triumph, none of the vanity I had foreseen, but simple joy in the joy I could give her, "I thank God that it is still in my power to undo what I have done: that it is still in my power to go back to him who sent me, and telling him that I have changed my mind and will bear my own burdens, to pay the penalty."

We were within a hundred paces of the top and the finger-

"There is a third road," I answered. "It leads to Paris. That is my road, Mademoiselle. We part here."

"But why? Why?" she cried wildly.

"Because from to-day I would fain begin to be honourable," I answered in a low voice. "Because I dare not be generous at another's cost. I must go back—whence I came."

She tried feverishly to raise her mask with her hand. "I am not well," she stammered. "I cannot breathe."

She swayed so violently in her saddle as she spoke that I sprang down, and, running round her horse's head, was just in time to catch her as she fell. She was not quite unconscious then, for as I supported her, she cried out, "Do not touch me! Do not touch me! Oh, you kill me with shame!"



I looked back and saw him standing upright against the sky, staring after me across her body.

forward. "I have heard enough. You are racking my heart, M. de Berault. Some day I will ask God to give me strength to forgive you."

"But you have not heard me out," I replied.

"I want to hear no more," she answered in a voice she vainly strove to render steady. "To what end? Can I say more than I have said? Did you think I could forgive you now—with him behind us going to his death? Oh, no, no!" she continued. "Leave me! I implore you to leave me. I am not well."

She drooped over her horse's neck as she spoke and began to weep so passionately that the tears ran down her cheeks under her mask, and fell and sparkled like dew on the mane; while her sobs shook her so that I thought she must fall. I stretched out my hand instinctively to give her help, but she shrank from me. "No!" she gasped, between her sobs. "Do not touch me. There is too much between us."

"Yet there must be one thing more between us," I answered

post. She cried out wildly that she did not understand. "What is it you—have just said?" she murmured. "I cannot hear." And she began to fumble with the ribbon of her mask.

"Only this, Mademoiselle," I answered gently. "I give your brother back his word, his parole. From this moment he is free to go whither he pleases. Here, where we stand, four roads meet. That to the right goes to Montauban, where you have doubtless friends and can lie hid for a time. Or that to the left leads to Bordeaux, where you can take ship if you please. And in a word, Mademoiselle," I continued, ending a little feebly, "I hope that your troubles are now over."

She turned her face to me—we had both come to a standstill—and plucked at the fastenings of her mask. But her trembling fingers had knotted the string, and in a moment she dropped her hand with a cry of despair. "But you? You?" she wailed in a voice so changed that I should not have known it for hers. "What will you do? I do not understand."

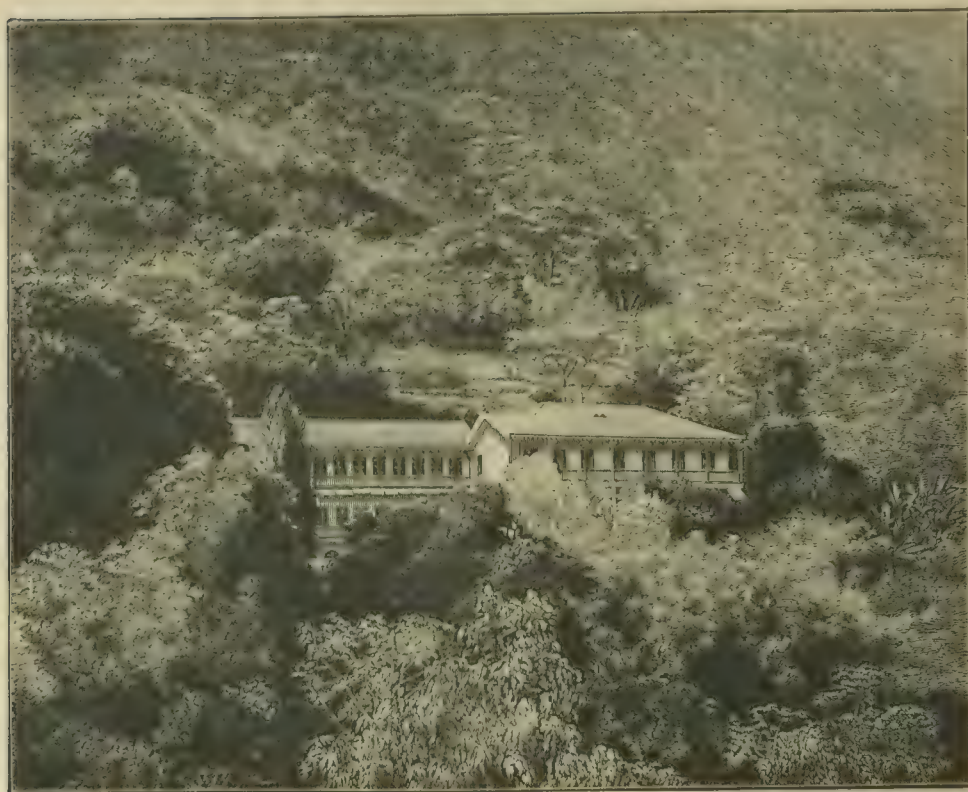
Those words made me happy. I carried her to the bank, my heart on fire, and laid her against it just as M. de Cocheforêt rode up. He sprang from his horse, his eyes blazing. "What is this?" he cried. "What have you been saying to her, man?"

"She will tell you," I answered drily, my composure returning under his eye. "Amongst other things, that you are free. From this moment M. de Cocheforêt I give you back your parole, and I take my own honour. Farewell."

He cried out something as I mounted, but I did not stay to heed or answer. I dashed the spurs into my horse, and rode away past the cross-roads, past the finger-post; away, with the level upland stretching before me, dry, bare, almost treeless; and behind me, all I loved. Once, when I had gone a hundred yards, I looked back and saw him standing upright against the sky, staring after me across her body. And again I looked back. This time I saw only the slender wooden cross, and below it a dark blurred mass.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAZILIAN INSURRECTION: SKETCHES AT RIO DE JANEIRO.



HÔTEL VILLA MOREAU, TIJUCA.



TRAM-CAR TO VILLA MOREAU.

The termination, which has been confirmed, of the inglorious and destructive conflict that has for seven months been raging on the shores and in the waters of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, between the naval squadron of the Brazilian insurgents' faction and the forts and troops maintaining the Government of Marshal Peixoto, is an event which must be satisfactory to commercial interests and to the friends of British residents in that important city. Our Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, when he visited Brazil and the River Plate, furnished many sketches

both of the towns and of the countries and different classes or races of the population. Upon several occasions we have described the grand scenery of the Bay of Rio, with its mountains, inlets, and islands, and with the luxuriant verdure of the hills surrounding the Brazilian capital. Street scenes full of lively bustle, as they were in the days of peaceful traffic and gaiety before the late Civil War, in the Rua do Ouvidor and the Rua Primiero de Marzo, and in the market-places thronged with negroes and negresses, outnumbering the white and

yellow folk, have sometimes appeared in our pages. The city is not magnificent in its architectural features, but its suburbs are beautiful, and its inhabitants of the upper and middle class have easy access to delightful retreats on the wooded slopes of the mountains. One of the favourite places of sojourn is Tijuca, about twelve miles distant, reached by a tramcar up a long steep ascent, with groves of palm-trees and bananas, and views of lovely cascades among the rocks. The Villa Moreau is an hotel much frequented by Europeans in the hot season of the year.



FRUIT MARKET, RIO DE JANEIRO.

The Devon & Somerset hounds



settle that point in his mind, however, before going any further, and so, dismounting, he kneels down like an ancient sun-worshipper, with head bent low. He is trying to read the signs from Nature's book, and they tell him all he wants to know as clearly as if they were printed in bold type. He can see numberless slots of hinds and young male deer, but among them is one broad at the heel, with edges and toe-points deeply indented. That he knows to be the fresh footmark of what he would call a "girt stag," for the dew around it is white by contrast. And the width of the cleft between toes will tell him whether the animal was going at a trot or walking leisurely



WITHOUT attempting to draw invidious comparisons between those who stalk to shoot the monarch of the glen amid Highland solitudes and those who hunt him with hounds across the league-long ridges of Exmoor, one may be permitted to doubt whether there are any sportsmen in all the world to whom the sight of a noble stag brings so many glorious

that sounded like a *reveille*, woke me to the grim necessity of saddling up for another march before daybreak.

It is, indeed, when farthest away from stag-hunting scenes, and with just a chance of never seeing them again, that every detail shines out most clearly on the mirror of memory. You can see the old harbourer at his work in the misty dawn, before there is light enough for him to make out clearly any of the slots that have been imprinted on the dew-moistened turf by the covert side, or to say with certainty whether a hind or heavy stag has brushed the beaded webs from gorse-bush or briar. He must

to his lair when that footprint was made. Perhaps the harbourer may have to search patiently over hard ground, where there is no dew to take an impression and only faint curves indicate the outline of hoofs that rested there but a moment. At length he finds unmistakable signs where the stag has gone into cover, and from that moment all is comparatively easy, though he still pursues his task with the skill of a Red Indian bringing every experience of woodcraft into play. By sounds of fluttering bird life in the woods he can tell whether a stag is still moving through them or settling down to rest amid the tall

memories as it does to the man or woman who has ridden many runs with the Devon and Somerset. One feels again the soft breeze blowing from the Severn Sea; inhales the fragrance of heather, whin, bog-myrtle, and bracken; sees the hounds stream like a foaming cascade down the steep combs, and hears their music roll from rock to rock through the shadowy forests. A single experience is not enough to give even the faintest conception of all the charms that cling to this sport. Some fox-hunters from the fashionable shires go down to Exmoor for a week or fortnight, have a few unlucky days with fat old stags that cannot be forced to quit the vast woods until "tufters" have been at work for hours; ride their horses to a standstill in the first thirty minutes of a really good run, and come away declaring that the whole thing is not worth five minutes of the rapturous rivalry that follows a "view halloa" with the Quorn or Pytchley. But let a man take up his quarters at Porlock, Dulverton, or Exford with a determination to study the chase of the wild red deer in all its moving incidents; let him once feel the fascination that makes natives of the beautiful west country devoted stag-hunters from childhood to old age, and I will defy him to shake it off all his life long, though he may wander from end to end of the earth and hear no woodland chorus for years. The shrill howl of jackals breaking across the bars of sleep as I lay under the stars with desert sand for a pillow has sent me back in dreams to the waving heather of Winsford Hill and the cool depths of Horner Wood, until one clear blast of the huntsman's horn, merging into notes



ferns. Waiting to satisfy himself about these things, he then moves quietly along, making a circuit of the wood, and confident of being able to note in a moment, by broken twig or bent bracken, if the stag has gone out again. If not, he draws slowly by narrowing circles towards the dense thicket in which at length he feels satisfied that he has his game safely harboured. Everything in stag-hunting depends at first on the harbourer's craft. Should he by mistake miss the right deer, there may be no possibility of retrieving it; but his skill seldom fails, though nine times out of ten he has seen nothing but a half-formed footmark to guide him. Until you have learned something of the harbourer's methods, the science of stag-hunting will be a sealed book to you. But the learning necessitates often long rides over bleak moors in the hours between midnight and dawn, for the work in hand must be begun at first flush of day and finished before the sun is above the tree-tops.

Then come Master, huntsman, hounds, and followers, all with a cheery greeting for the harbourer, and all anxious to get some token of the news he brings. Whatever that may be he imparts to the Master only, and even then the sport does not begin. Anthony Huxtable, on whom the manner as well as the mantle of good old Arthur Heal seems to have fallen, must first of all kennel his pack in a barn before proceeding to draw two or three couples of the oldest or wisest to act as tufters. If he threw all his hounds into covert at once they would divide on a dozen different lines, for these big woods are full of deer, and none but the "warrantable stag" must be hunted; but the tufters he can trust to stick to their proper game so long as they are within reach of his voice. It is not etiquette for strangers to go with the tufters into cover, and so they miss a great

deal of very scientific hunting, in which hound-instinct and man's control of it are wonderfully displayed.

Weary are the hours of waiting sometimes while the huntsman's horn is heard "blowing fainter, blowing farther" down the winding valley, or the whipper-in's stern "Ware hind! Get away back!" tells that the tufters are on a wrong line. At last, however, the noble stag in all his majesty breaks cover, perhaps a mile off; pauses on the ridge to sniff the air, "tosses his beamed frontlet to the sky," so that by aid of a field-glass one may count the rights he bears—"brow, bay, and tray, with three on the top"—and then, with a defiant stamp of the foot, he bounds away across the heather. The tufters are not allowed to follow him. They must be stopped until the whole pack can be brought from its kennel and laid on. Twenty minutes or more may pass before Anthony, with the Master and the harbourer and an eager cavalcade, make their appearance. But the scent of a stag that has brushed bracken and heather as he sped away will not have grown cold by then, and you see by the speed at which horsemen in rear are pushing forward that they expect a good gallop. A bad start now, and they might not see the pack again until half Exmoor had been crossed. Those great hounds, two inches higher than the tallest standard admitted in fox-hunting kennels, fling over the tangled heather with an ease that makes their pace seem slow until you try to catch them. Two or three couples have begun to wind the scent already. Some, with heads up, are looking for a signal from their huntsman,

and one wave of his hand when they reach the impatient tufters will send them all away with a joyous chorus. Their loud diapason does not last long, but dies slowly into a low whimper, only to burst out again when the next woodland is reached. Unlike foxhounds, these do not "carry a great head," or strive with each other to be first. That sort of rivalry is beneath their dignity, and so in a long string, like wolves on a trail, they thread their swift way across the moor.

Horses galloping through the heather with a sound as soft as the brushing of a woman's tresses find the pace quite good enough even on such firm ground, although the hounds in their swinging stride seem to make light of it. I once waited on a ridge with two Fifeshire sportsmen while the Devon and Somerset were streaming in long line up thecombe towards us. "Why, those hounds don't go faster than I could kick my hat!" said one. A native, overhearing that contemptuous criticism, replied: "You will have a chance of trying now—they're on the ridge. Ride as hard as you like, and kick them along if you can." Ten minutes later the stranger, too eager to catch the pack, went heels over head into a bog, where his horse floundered up to its girths. They got safely out, but that was the last we saw of them; and the other visitor rode his horse to a standstill without seeing the end of that run. Mr. Knight of Simonsbath used to say there were no bogs on Exmoor. In truth, one seldom finds a place which cannot be crossed by men of quick eye and ready hand who have clever horses under them. But there are



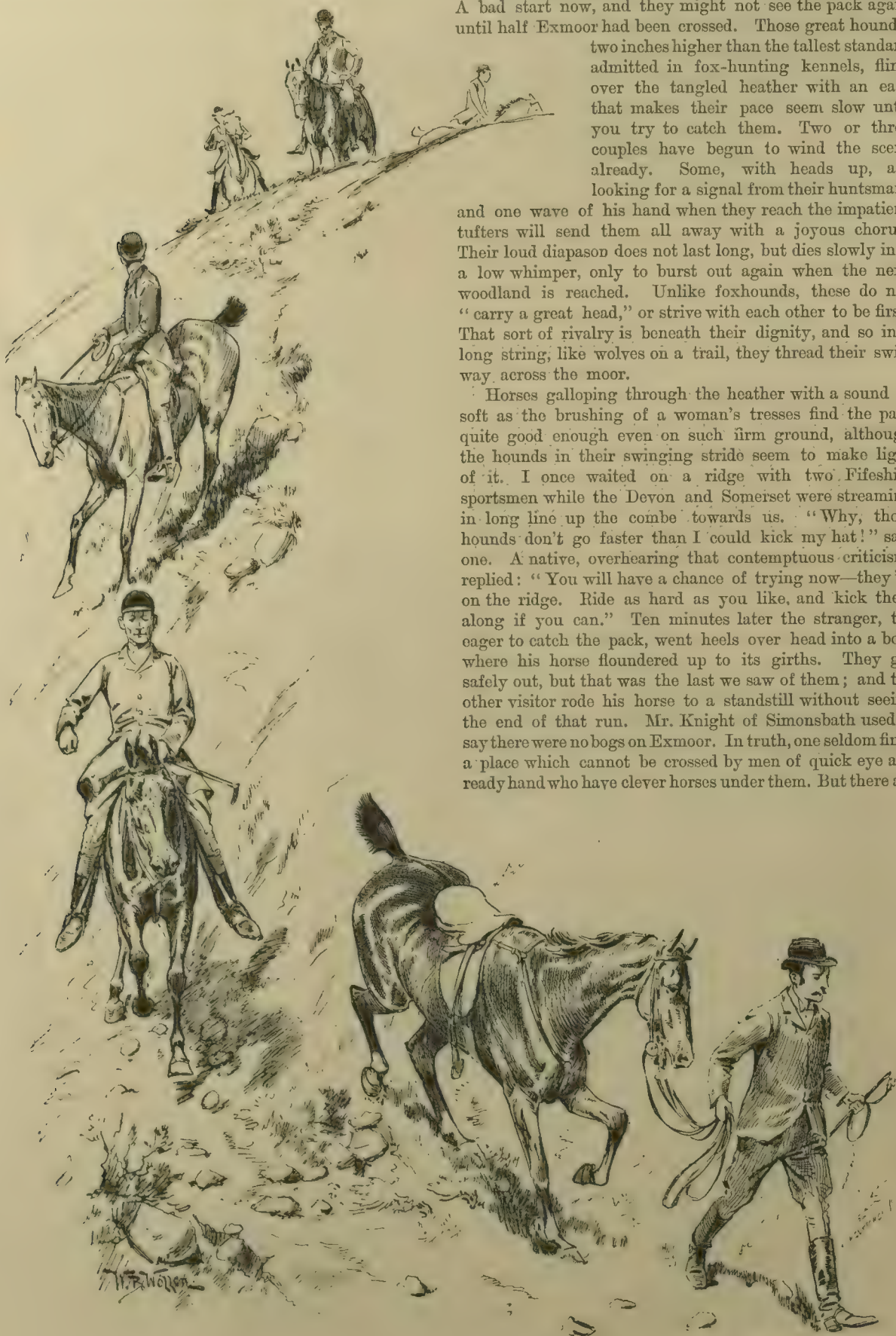
WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

plenty of soft traps for the unwary. The man who hesitates, however, is lost, and has not much chance of regaining his place near the hounds if they hold on without checking. Downhill you must gallop wherever a horse can keep his footing. That is where nerve comes in, and it may be your only chance, for the pack can always beat you going uphill. "Come along, gentlemen! this way," says a young farmer who knows the best place at which to cross the deepestcombe. He has chosen a declivity that looks steep as a church roof, but it is safest to follow where he leads unless you would skirt thecombe, as some are doing, and run the risk of never seeing the hounds again. Often it is quicker to go round a mile or two than to scramble down hundreds of feet into a valley and climb out again; but on such points a man must either decide quickly for himself or accept the guidance of a good pilot. There are no fences to be jumped on Exmoor, but of moments that try the nerve and resources of a man nearly every run is fruitful, whether stag or hind be the quarry.

From late autumn to early spring is the season for hind-hunting, but the noble stag must not be pursued before Aug. 10, or much after the second week in October. But what rapturous moments for the enthusiastic sportsman are crowded into those two months! Sluggish indeed must be the pulse that does not quicken when a lordly "stag of ten" breaks cover, and dull the nerves that never thrill with rapture while hounds are speeding over the waves of purple heather! To be with them at every turn of the chase, to see how eagerly they race down to a moorland brook, where the hunted stag in passing has startled a heron from its lonely haunt beside the grey boulders, and how they fling forward, hitting off the scent again among the sedges, and proclaiming it with joyous notes; to feel your good hunter striding strongly mile after mile, and then, at last, to hear the clamorous music crash above the rush of waters where the stag has turned to bay, are pleasures that no keen sportsman would willingly forego or could ever forget. A wild stag at bay is the noblest animal now left to us in England. No trace of fear dims his eye or relaxes his sternly closed lips. Hock-deep in the tawny stream he stands. With lowered antlers he meets the charge of foes and beats them back, then raises his head proudly with the defiant courage of conscious power. The strong river flows with circling eddies past him. Broad fern-fronds brush his heaving flanks. A level shaft of sunset breaking through the boughs rests on his crowned head, and turns to jewels the water that drips from his golden mane. He dies like a gentleman, fighting to the last.—PLANTAGENET.

It is proposed to establish a whaling station on the Kermadec Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, north-west of New Zealand. The promoters have asked the New Zealand Government for the protection necessary to enable them to carry on the industry and for a bonus to assist in its establishment.

The annual meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce was continued on March 14, when resolutions were carried in favour of an increase of naval armaments for the protection of our commerce; of inquiry as to the best means of securing an adequate supply of trained seamen; of the co-operation of our Government with those of other countries in the removal of derelicts on ocean routes; of Sir John Lubbock's Bill for conferring additional powers on boards of conciliation; of the amendment of the law of distress, and dealing with several other subjects. A resolution in favour of a graduated income tax, brought forward by the Wakefield Chamber, was rejected. Earl Spencer and the Home Secretary were at the concluding banquet.



"COME ALONG, GENTLEMEN! THIS WAY,"

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The action of the environment on the living being has of late come to the front very prominently, as readers of this column know, in connection with the question "Can acquired characters be inherited?" We can hardly conceive of anything more natural than that any condition which powerfully affects the parental constitution should be transmitted to the progeny. I maintain that apart and beyond all theories regarding the non-transmission of such characters as argued for by Dr. Weismann and others, we have accumulating around us a large number of instances of vital variation such as can only be perfectly explained on the idea that acquired parental characters are the cause of the progeny departing from the type. Let us see what are some of the latest pieces of evidence in this direction.

There is, first of all, the research of Professor A. Hyatt on the shells of fossil cuttlefishes, known as ammonites and nautili. The nautilus shell everybody knows. It is the beautiful coiled chambered shell, familiar often in its polished state as an ornament. There are perfectly

the one brood a summer variety with summer markings; a summer variety with a tendency to spring colours; a spring variety, and markings with summer colouration; and a spring series with spring colours. These results, he tells us, are due to the differences in temperature to which the chrysalides were subjected. Long exposure was the main point in the experiments, and a low temperature, maintained before the time of the development of colour for the perfect insect stage, produces darkening, and *vice versa*. The gist of these investigations is, to my mind, very important, for they seem to demonstrate a factor in evolution, which, theoretically, we all believe in—namely, the effects of heat and cold—but of whose exact action we have not as yet had by any means a superabundance of evidence or proof.

As I am discussing the hereditary question, I may be allowed to refer to some remarkable examples of the inheritance of acquired characters given by Dr. M. F. Price, in a paper read before the South Californian Medical Association at Los Angeles, last December. Dr. Weismann experimented upon nine generations of white mice

humanity itself. Odd fingers and odd toes, which first of all may be developed without warning, will be transmitted to the progeny. I admit that these cases are susceptible of explanation on grounds of "natural selection," and on the principle that they are due to the outcome of preceding slowly acquired and fortuitous variations; but this explanation, as far as I can see, even on the natural selection theory, does not account for the direct and instant transmission of the peculiarity to the next and to succeeding generations as well.

How, on any other theory than that of the handing on of acquired characters, can we account for the case quoted by Dr. Price, where a male parent suffered a head injury from a pistol-shot which resulted in right-sided paralysis, with dragging of his foot? Some years afterwards this gentleman became the father of two perfectly healthy sons. The mother's fears regarding the transmission of the father's physical defects were quite allayed, when a third son was born to them with the father's wasted right arm and leg perfectly reproduced. This child, now eight years old, is the image of his father. A case like this, I repeat,



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straight shells (*Orthoceras*) which, being ancient forms, doubtless gave origin to the coiled species. Now, Professor Hyatt has shown that in cross-section, the straight shell exhibits a circular or elliptical shape. When the young nautilus is examined in cross-section, it is seen to present an impression of the part which comes in contact with the coil or whorl in front, so that what is called a re-entrant curve is present. In old nautili, when the shell uncoils somewhat, this impression disappears, and the section again becomes circular. Here the argument is that the impression, due to simple pressure of shell-growth, is an acquired feature, and that as such it has been clearly enough transmitted.

Side by side with this example comes one derived from some marvellous experiments of Mr. Merrifield on the changes of colour in moths which can be directly produced by alterations in the temperature to which the developing insects are subjected. From one brood it is possible to produce four distinct varieties; this result taking place in a moth, subject, it ought to be remarked, to seasonal variations—that is, to the display of natural varieties according to the particular time of year at which the hatching takes place. This is a feature familiar to entomologists, of course. Mr. Merrifield succeeded in developing out of

by way of docking their tails, and yet a tailless breed was not evolved thereby. This result proves nothing, because the conditions under which parental characteristics are both acquired and transmitted were not necessarily fulfilled in Dr. Weismann's hands. We are not always successful in imitating in our experiments nature's own laboratory practices. Dr. Price tells us of a poor, emaciated kitten his little boy found. The cat's tail was hurt, and the injured part dropped off. This cat bore a litter of kittens, only two of which survived. One had a tail half the ordinary length, the other had the tail in the condition in which the mother's was when she was found as a kitten. More extraordinary still, this deformed tail in the kitten dropped off, as did the mother's tail, leaving the animal like its brother and its mother, with a shortened stump. This case is worth a dozen instances of artificial docking of the tails of mice or sheep. It teaches anew, what I have always held popular belief (founded on observations of man and animals) maintains—that the parental condition has a marked direct effect on the progeny.

The fact of characters suddenly, or, at least, unexpectedly and without warning, appearing in the parent, and reappearing with increased force in the offspring, receives also many illustrations from the history of

is explicable on no possible hypothesis other than that which Mr. Spencer and his supporters advance—namely, that acquired characters may be transmitted to posterity, and this in virtue of developmental laws and conditions of a kind the most natural one can possibly conceive or formulate.

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THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS: BRINGING UP THE PACK TO THE TUFTS.

LITERATURE.

REFORMING THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

The House of Lords. A Retrospect and a Forecast. By T. A. Spalding, LL.B. (London: Fisher Unwin.)—A door being open, it is a superfluous show of vigour and determination to make a "running kick" at it. In like manner, it is a waste of energy to declaim against the constitution of the House of Lords as needing amendment. We are agreed—most of the members of the House of Lords assenting—that it would be well to reform the constitution of that assembly; though not, perhaps, to the satisfaction of every clique and every opinion, since that would be working out the old fable of "The Old Man and his Ass." If the object is to destroy the House of Lords, it is one which few judgments desire on reflection, though a larger number rush to it in moments of anger. If the purpose is to rid the House of its defects as a working machine, and to purge away the reproach entailed upon it by the one peculiarity of its constitution, good; the purpose is a common one, and there is nothing in the organic system of the House, neither in the "feeling" of its present members, to prevent the carrying of it out.

One accusation against the House of Lords is that its numbers are too great—that it is "unwieldy." This charge is accompanied by another of a different character—namely, that in this idle House important legislation is despatched by a mere handful of members. The rest have no mind for legislative affairs, and yet will sometimes swarm down to vote on an impulse of feeling or opinion. The "black sheep" accusation is more substantial, and certainly more telling. It is true, and therewith scandalous, that whatever dishonesty or whatever blackguardism a peer may be guilty of, he remains free to vote in the House of Lords as long as he keeps out of jail.

These are the main, the undeniable charges against the House of Lords; and the defect and the scandal to which they point may be done away with in a single session by the present Government, for example, if they choose to frame a measure for the purpose. There would be no serious opposition in the House of Lords, where only a few years ago Lord Salisbury himself introduced certain measures for the addition of life peers to strengthen the House, and also for the exclusion of "black sheep." These Bills were withdrawn when Mr. Gladstone interposed with a request (which Mr. W. H. Smith, then leader of the Commons house, described as a reasonable one) that the proposed legislation should not be proceeded with that year. Were Lord Kimberley or Lord Rosebery to introduce similar measures, with the added proviso that the hereditary representation should be reduced by two hundred members (through a process of election among themselves), we should soon have a House of Lords redeemed from its "unwieldiness," purged of its "black sheep," limited to its bettermost men, and strengthened by the addition of fifty "experts" in various schools of knowledge and experience. But if that will not do; if the design is to abolish the House of Lords altogether, or to reconstruct it on elective principles as a deliberative assembly without power, a vast deal of opposition may be anticipated; and the more because the general unpopularity of the House of Lords is extremely doubtful.

But though, while it would gladly see the House of Lords reformed, the country at large seems indisposed to welcome the abolition of that assembly, its abolition is, of course, a perfectly fair subject of debate. No reasonable man can object to the discussion. But two things may and should be asked of anyone who steps forth to demand its destruction and the substitution of a differently constituted body. The first thing is that he should state his case fairly and without false colour: the other, that his plan of substitution should be workable enough to bear exposition by himself in detail; for in these matters detail is everything. Now Mr. Spalding's book answers to neither of these requirements. The larger part of it pretends to be historical, but it is only such history as an advocate would compile in a Tichborne Case and the like, and it is written in a style and temper of which four examples out of a possible two hundred may, perhaps, suffice. The heading of one chapter is "The Lords Assert their Dignity," of the next "The Lords Run Away." In his list of Bills rejected or passed with amendments by the Peers since 1832 he places the amended Bills under the uniform description "mutilated." Speaking of the Lords in 1888, he has this passage: "And now a wonder came to light, which showed—something which is best left to inference"; the politely suppressed ending of his quotation being "the rogues they lied." And then, to justify this elegant insinuation, Mr. Spalding goes on to make another, which shows at once how far his own earnestness can carry him away. He says that the withdrawal of Lord Salisbury's Bills (above mentioned), on Mr. Gladstone's intervention and desire, was nothing but a House of Lords' "manœuvre." A House of Lords' manœuvre with Mr. Gladstone in it! Thus does Mr. Spalding fulfil the demand for judicial dealing. When we come to his plans for a new Senate, we know at once where we are by the guarding observation that of course he is not "drawing a Bill," but "furnishing a rough sketch." But in writing a book like this—no mere pamphlet, but a handsome, stout volume all leading up to the author's scheme of reconstruction—we may be quite sure that "a rough sketch" would not have contented him if he could have contrived a plan defensible when its details came out. As to his rough sketch, no more need be said about it than has been said already by a daily journal of considerable influence which is as eager for reforming the House of Lords as Mr. Spalding himself. According to the judgment of this authority, supposing that such a House as he shadows forth could be constituted (which, however, our contemporary thinks requires a deal of imagination), it would be "a Chamber of acute antagonisms": in short, a bear-garden in which a perpetual conflict of interests would leave little hope of impartial legislation.

ANOTHER HEINE FAILURE.

The endeavour to translate Heine's lyrics in the mass, gallantly made in Sir Theodore Martin's *Poems and Ballads by Heinrich Heine, done into English Verse* (third edition, with additions; Blackwood and Sons), cannot possibly be a success. The inspired poem requires an inspired mind for its reproduction; didactic, descriptive, sometimes even epic poetry may be satisfactorily rendered by pains and skill, not so the lyric. It is, however, simply impossible that the translator of a great body of lyrical poetry should always, or often, come to his work in the same spirit as his author. When this is the case he may achieve a complete success; otherwise he can only offer, at best, a more or less tolerable substitute for his original. Some of Sir Theodore Martin's versions are, we must say, very poor indeed, and quite unworthy of his reputation; more frequently he is passable; and now and then he really succeeds, and his volume will eventually be found to have yielded some contributions to the English Heine which is being gradually built up out of the efforts of many translators. A. B.

CHURCH AND DISSENT.

The Vicar of Langthwaite. By Lily Watson. Three vols. (London: R. Bentley and Son.)—Miss Watson has written with knowledge and sympathy a story of the rivalry between Church and Dissent in a far northern parish. It is not all pleasant reading, but the fault is none of Miss Watson's. To be strictly fair to both sides (and Miss Watson's impartiality is admirable) is to submit each to a good deal of candid criticism, out of which neither comes unscathed. The high-toned Ritualistic vicar, Mr. Carfax, who has sincere doubts about "salvation" for Dissenters, is not always a sympathetic person; and the pugnacious old Nonconformist minister, Dr. Yorke, to whom High Church is merely Rome in a mask, is, for the most part, a very unsympathetic one. The Rev. Mr. Hawthorne, Dr. Yorke's successor as President of the Nonconformist Theological College, is the one man in the book whose religion is void of bitterness. The parochial labours of Mr. Carfax are shared by his sister, Madame St. Just, a sour saint, a Ritualist as uncompromising as her brother, but wanting his qualities of heart. These two are both of the Church Militant; old Dr. Yorke is the very type of fighting Nonconformity; and in all three of them religious zeal shows in a light which is seldom amiable and scarcely ever edifying. But Miss Watson has made them very much alive, which is the main thing. Another point (on which the reader will certainly desire information) is that the story is far from exhausting itself over the unwholesome strivings between church and chapel. It lacks humour conspicuously, but the sentimental interest is strong throughout, and the lovers' parts are adroitly cast to give strength to the argument that underlies the whole book—the argument of the essential unchristianity of this perpetual battle of the sects. Estelle Hawthorne, daughter of the angelic President, falls in love with the Ritualistic Carfax. He falls in love with her. She is cultured to the tips of her fingers, as he is. Their love is ideal, and marriage would be the end of it in a perfectly rational community. It is not the end of it in Miss Watson's story, and one sees quite plainly that it could not be. So much the worse for the lovers—and for the community which made the conditions that inevitably sundered them. Another love-story—episodic merely, so far as the main plot is concerned—is that of Janet Yorke and a consumptive minister, which is wrecked by a false sense of duty of a different sort. The one marriage that does "come off"—that of the vivacious Gertrude, ward of the dreadful old doctor, with a young stalwart of the Nonconformist camp, is not quite agreeable to the reader, inasmuch as he cannot possibly persuade himself that it was made in heaven. If he pauses to think of it he begins unconsciously to work out an appendix to Balzac's "Les Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale." Then he reflects vaguely upon marriage as conditioned or influenced by very minor differences of religion between lover and lover, and not impossibly thinks worse of sectarianism than he did before. Miss Watson's book might be shortened, but it is well worth reading. TIGHE HOPKINS.

INEASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Discoveries of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie. A Narrative of Count Samuel Teleki's Exploring and Hunting Expedition in Eastern Equatorial Africa in 1887 and 1888. By Lieutenant Ludwig von Höhnelt. (Longmans, Green, and Co.)—We have so long been accustomed to regard the opening up of Equatorial Africa as the peculiar work of Englishmen that these two volumes in which Lieutenant Ludwig von Höhnelt tells of Count Teleki's discovery of the vast and dreary lake-land to the north-east of Victoria Nyanza will be opened with some misgivings. For the matter of that, they are very long, and there is nothing vulgarly dramatic about them. Yet I doubt if, in the vast catalogue of literature which has followed the work of adventurers and explorers in the Dark Continent, more interesting or more fascinating volumes are to be found. Count Teleki, himself a man of fortune, went to Africa neither as a filibuster nor in search of cheap ivory. He seems to have been moved by no settled impulse at the beginning of his expedition, but to have set his mind only upon a journey to the interior, and upon Zanzibar as his place of debarkation. Lieutenant Ludwig von Höhnelt accompanied him as his right hand, and, as he has proved in this remarkable book, in the capacity of an able scribe. And if one admits that there are moments when the work seems to cling to the common scheme of all books upon Africa, a deeper knowledge of the contents more than redeems the suspicion of the occasionally commonplace. We have suffered so many accounts of the engagement of porters in Zanzibar, of the dreary labours of those who debouch with caravans, of the slaying of elephants and the bartering of beads, that our appetite flags and is with difficulty whetted. To say that the author of these volumes combats and overcomes these preconceived notions is the best testimony he could receive. We follow him, perhaps with lazy interest, on the first few days of his march through the country of the German Company, but the moment he camps in the Forest of Taveta the romance of his subject grips and is sustained almost to the end.

Assuredly this forest must be a paradise for every dweller in it. Shaded by thick banana hedges, watered by the clear stream of the Lumi, silent, dark, impenetrable except by those who know its intricate paths, it is the ideal of the home of woodlanders, of a simple people loving peace and the solitude of mazy paths. The picture of the forest home is so alluring that the reader wonders at that self-denial which drove the campers from it even after a stay of months, and sent them onwards past Kilimanjaro, through Kikuyuland, and finally to that remoter north where they discovered the brackish barren lake to which they gave the name of Rudolph, and that smaller sheet of water called Stefanie. The march abounded in difficulties. They were warned that it was certain death to face the people of Kikuyuland, that they would perish by thirst, that their caravan would break up long before they had come to their Ultima Thule. Happily, the Count's masterly organisation, his unfailing intrepidity, and the service of faithful men withstood these dangers, and permitted him to accomplish a work which is significant and useful even in the face of the vast labours recently performed in Equatorial Africa. The book will be added to the literature of the subject with gratitude, and those who read it now in English will not forget to thank the translator, "Nancy Bell," for a very faithful and satisfactory rendering of a difficult text. MAX PEMBERTON.

VIGNETTES OF RURAL LIFE.

Catharine Furze. By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. Two vols. (Fisher Unwin.)—In the same way as it is difficult, in reading Stevenson's "Prince Otto," always to remember that one is not reading an early Meredith, so, in reading "Catharine Furze," one has to remind oneself that one is not reading an early George Eliot. The temper, the point of view, the place, time, and people—above all, the pressing sense of personal moral responsibility, shaped originally in the mould of a distinctly Evangelical Christianity, are surprisingly alike in the two writers, and the more alike for the later being as original, as first-hand, as little a copyist as the earlier. The book is more of a story than any of the "Mark Rutherford" series, and the insight into character, shown in the previous books chiefly by description and narration, here takes, to a far greater extent, the more orthodox form of display in conversation. The persons of "Catharine Furze," except, it may be, "Orkid Jim," speak like real people, and reveal themselves as real people do by their unstudied chatter about daily concerns. The scene is a low-lying midland town, in which the heroine's father is a prosperous iron-monger, a weak, easy-going, muddle-headed man, largely governed by a narrow, argumentative wife, with aspirations after gentility. Catharine's own brief history is almost wholly mental and emotional, and in its telling there is opportunity for those pregnant sayings about the inner life which made, and deservedly made, the reputation of "Mark Rutherford" and its successors. They are not epigrammatic, these sayings, or if they are, the epigram is a mere accident; their peculiarity is not that they are bright, but that they are deep. We feel that the writer is trying not to speak cleverly, but to speak the truth that is in him. The casual reader likes the sparkling phrase—but then he only likes it once; while the readers who like "Catharine Furze" will like it more on the second reading than the first, and will grow to cherish it. "Mrs. Furze was unanswerable, but her poor husband, after all, was right . . . His dumb, dull presentiment was a prophecy, and his wife's logic was nothing but words." "She was in love with him, but what is love? There is no such thing: there are loves, and they are all different." These are sayings quite of the old pattern, but in the new book there are excellences of which only the merest hint had been given in the others. The power of realising the whole life of a community, of giving picture after picture, soberly, laconically, yet so that each stands out real as something known and seen in our own experience, is one of the very rarest; and it is here conspicuous. Sometimes there is a humorous touch, not because the author's view is at all cheerful, but because he draws the real, and reality is sometimes funny. Thus the builder who took a heating-pipe through the outer wall of Eastorpe Church "undertook to give the pipe outside a touch of the Gothic, so that it wouldn't look bad." More often there are touches of pathos, as in the admirable chapter which describes the home and death of Phoebe Crowhurst. Here is a little picture out of that chapter—

Half a mile beyond the cottage was a chapel. It stood at a cross-road, and no houses were near it. It had stood there for 150 years, gabled, redbrick, and why it was put there nobody knew. Round it were tombstones, many totally disfigured and most of them awry. The grass was always long and rank, full of dandelions, sorrel, and docks, excepting once a year in June, when it was cut, and then it looked raw and yellow. Here and there was an unturfed, bare hillock, marking a new grave, and that was the only mark it would have, for people who could afford anything more did not attend the chapel now. The last "respectable family" was a farmer's hard by, but he and his wife died, and his sons and daughters went to church. The congregation, such as it was, consisted nominally of about a dozen labourers and their wives and children, but no more than half of them came at any one time. The windows had painted wooden shutters, which were closed during the week to protect the glass from stone-throwing, and the rusty iron gate was always locked save on Sundays. The gate, the door, and the shutters were unfurnished just before the preacher came, and the horrible chapel smell and chapel damp hung about the place during the whole service. When there was a funeral, it was necessarily on Sunday. Nobody could be buried on any other day, because work could not be intermitted; no labourer could stay at home when wife or child was dying; he would have lost his wages, and perhaps his occupation. He thought himself lucky if they died in the night . . . She lies at the back of the meeting-house among her kindred, and a little mound was raised over her. Her father borrowed the key of the gate every now and then, and, after his work was over, cut the grass where his child lay, and prevented the weeds from encroaching; but when he died, not long after, his wife had to go into the workhouse, and in one season the sorrel and dandelion took possession, and Phoebe's grave became like all the others, a scarcely distinguishable undulation in the tall rank herbage.

It is but a page or so, and nothing can be simpler; there is not a word to indicate personal feeling, except indeed the adjective "horrible" to the damp chapel smell; yet how poignant it is! and how the neglected chapel completes the picture of the desolate, poverty-stricken agricultural lives! Vignettes like this, and talk like that which goes on in Mrs. Furze's parlour, set us speculating whether the author of "Catharine Furze" may not have it in him to give us, one day, a novel of quite the first class. CLEMENTINA BLACK.

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COVENANTERS AT HOME.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The graves of the Covenanters are the shrines of rural Scotland, and are, even now, not without their pilgrims. With the engraved scraps of rude verse, these stones on the wide upland moors or in the ancient churchyards of Galloway are affecting and interesting monuments, and the badness of the lapidary poems need not provoke a sneer. Men who died for their opinions were brave, at all events, and courage is the foundation of the virtues.

This we may all acknowledge, and may yet regard, not without amusement, the historical efforts of Mr. A. B. Todd in his "Homes and Haunts of the Covenanters" (Hunter, Edinburgh). Mr. Todd has many good stories in his book—for example, a tale of a golden treasure, uncovered by a sheep which upset a rock. The sentimental voyager in Ayrshire and Galloway may be recommended to take Mr. Todd's handy volume with him, but also to take the author's theories with a little salt. For example, I am not strong on dates, but 1689, at all events, is not earlier than 1680, as Mr. Todd's printer appears to believe (p. 120). That Oliver Cromwell flourished in 164 A.D. I decline to admit (p. 139). These are probably the compositor's stroke in the narrative, yet this is a second edition. But Mr. Todd himself lets his admiration for his heroes carry him perhaps too far. The celebrated Christian carrier, John Brown, in Priesthill (why not Presbyterhill?) was certainly shot by order of Claverhouse. Macaulay, as we all know, says that he was shot because he would not attend Episcopalian services. Yet even Mr. Todd admits that Claverhouse did not assign that reason, but the discovery of treasonable papers, bullets, and other munitions of war among the effects of the Christian carrier. Mr. Todd then adopts the legend that Claverhouse shot Brown with his own hand. He never hints, unless I greatly err, at the equally authoritative tale that Brown was executed by Claverhouse's orders in the usual way. The former tale is from Wodrow; the latter from Patrick Walker, who had himself been out in arms, had shot a soldier, and is a contemporary authority. Both men wrote in 1720-30, long after the events. Meanwhile, Mr. Aytoun, in an appendix to his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," and several other authors make it pretty plain that Brown was not shot for his piety, but as a relapsed rebel. Dr. Hill Burton thinks it "as bad a business as Walker and Wodrow make it." That is not my own opinion; but a student of Covenanters at home should at least be told what may be said on both sides of the question. One sympathises, however, with Mr. Todd when he complains that an old Covenanting inscription has been altered and partly omitted, while the generosity of "The Free Church scholars of Old Cumnock, New Cumnock, and Ochiltree" is recorded at greater length than the heroism of the martyrs. Mr. Todd commemorates Mr. Richard Cameron, but does not enter much into his dispute with the "Indulged" ministers. Wodrow believed, or recorded the report, that the wilder Covenanters meant to massacre the ministers who accepted the Indulgence, much as they murdered the Curate of Carsphairn, a neighbouring laird. Modern friends of the wild hill folk generally blink the fact that earnest Presbyterian ministers, themselves sufferers for the Kirk, held as low an opinion of the high-fliers as Major Bellenden could have done. The simple truth is that the more ferocious members of the sect, keeping their sham courts of justice and condemning their enemies *in absentia*, could be tolerated by no Government that ever existed. They were utterly impracticable: they never got their own way, they never were satisfied with the glorious Revolution of 1688. They were rebels in arms and assassins, and in no sense "martyrs." They had declared war on the State, had excommunicated the King, and so their admirers ought to be content to take them at their proper value. But when a party of these insurgents attacked and defeated soldiers, one of them was shot in the fight. His inscription describes him as "shot by a party of Bloody Dragoons." The dragoons probably were "bloody," as some of them are likely to have been hit. But when a gentleman begins a fray and comes by a bullet, he is not martyred, nor even executed; he is slain on the field of honour, at best, and in civil war.

We have a tale here of a young sceptic who was converted by seeing "a chariot of fire, with drivers clothed in light," near Cameron's grave. Some, however, suggest that he was walking in his sleep; others, that he was deceived by the glare from Muirkirk furnaces. One would rather believe in either hypothesis than suppose that Mr. Cameron still goes about in a conveyance so uncomfortable as a chariot of fire, if that is the alternative. The Covenanting prophets, Peden and Cameron, as Mr. Todd justly, though unexpectedly, remarks, "really were not, in general, more sagacious than other people of like position, but sometimes even less so." Much less so, we admit; but Peden was sagacious enough to go away from his friends before the battle in the Pentlands. This he afterwards regretted.

The truth about these saints has been put very distinctly by the late Dr. John Hill Burton, who was by no means a ranting Cavalier, nor an unsympathetic observer of the Covenanting martyrs. Theirs, he remarks, was a Non-conformity "that was not content with toleration, but must have dominion, and that so absolute that toleration was not admitted within its conceptions." When the Restoration came, the prominent Presbyterians of the extreme party were denouncing toleration. They did not get it; nay, when it was offered to them they refused to

And so forth. It is Dundee who is the martyr, in Burns's opinion.

The lines occur in a birthday ode for Charles, for his last birthday, in 1787. In a month "the illustrious Exile" was dead. Probably the last but one of the Stuarts was unaware of the touching tribute of Scotland's greatest poet—

We solemnize this sorrowing natal day,
To prove our loyal truth—we can no more.

The poem does not seem to be in all the editions of Burns, but it is printed in that of Mr. Scott Douglas. Burns, who had so much experience of Presbyterian discipline, was no exclusive friend of Covenanters, rather the reverse, and was proud of ancestors who had fought for the Rightful Cause.

RECENT HONOURS.

It is a gracious custom of the Sovereign, when parting with a Prime Minister, to invite him to nominate for such titles of royal approval as he may think fit several persons who have assisted him in his official and political work. A First Lord of the Treasury, apart from his leadership of a Parliamentary party, has such an amount of detailed business to supervise that he must feel obliged to the

Permanent Secretary, who may not be a politician or personally in agreement with the Minister's party, for indispensable help and care. Such an eminent and experienced servant of the State is one of the best men that can be chosen for useful public service as a legislative councillor in the House of Lords, and will enter that assembly, if he pleases, in complete independence of party ties. Sir Reginald Earle Welby, a Companion of the Bath since 1874, and a Knight (in the Civil Order) from 1882, has worked in several official posts at the Treasury under every former Administration headed by Mr. Gladstone, and his merits have doubtless been equally appreciated, in turn, by the other Prime Ministers in the past fourteen years. A peerage is conferred upon Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P. for the county of Montgomery, for different considerations, this gentleman being, since 1888, the chairman of the Welsh Parliamentary supporters of Mr. Gladstone. He is a younger son of the famous engineer James Rendel, and managing partner, in London, of the great firm of Lord Armstrong's iron and steel ship-building and gun-making establishment at Elswick on the Tyne. From 1861 to 1863 he was one of the committee of experimental inquiry concerning the rival systems of breech-loading rifled artillery; and he has done much, of late years, to procure the endowment of colleges and public schools in Wales. A baronetcy is the reward of zealous political services in the Midlothian constituency rendered by Mr. John Cowan, of Beeslack, head of the firm of Alexander Cowan and Co. For many years he has been the chair-

man of the Midlothian Liberal Association. In this capacity he has received some momentous public documents beginning "My dear Mr. Cowan," and signed "W. E. Gladstone." The late Prime Minister sometimes adopted this method of addressing not only his own constituents but also the whole kingdom at a political crisis. Perhaps the most striking epistle Mr. Cowan ever received was the manifesto issued before the second-reading debate on the first Home Rule Bill. Mr. Gladstone has also nominated to be a Privy Councillor his former official private secretary at the Treasury, Sir Algernon West, who was knighted in 1886. This gentleman has been twenty years a Commissioner of the Board of Inland Revenue.

A report from the British Vice-Consul at Buenos Ayres states that the number of Russian Jews already settled in South America by Baron Hirsch's colonisation scheme is nearly 6300, who have occupied about one-third of the land purchased for them, and are cultivating it with good prospects. The expenditure has been £440,000.

A petition, signed by 830 captains of British vessels navigating the North Atlantic, and representing two millions of tonnage, valued at thirty millions sterling, with crews to the aggregate number of thirty thousand, is about to be presented to Government, asking that efforts may be made, joined by the United States, to remove the numerous "derelicts" or floating wrecks and fragments of abandoned vessels, which are a great danger at sea.

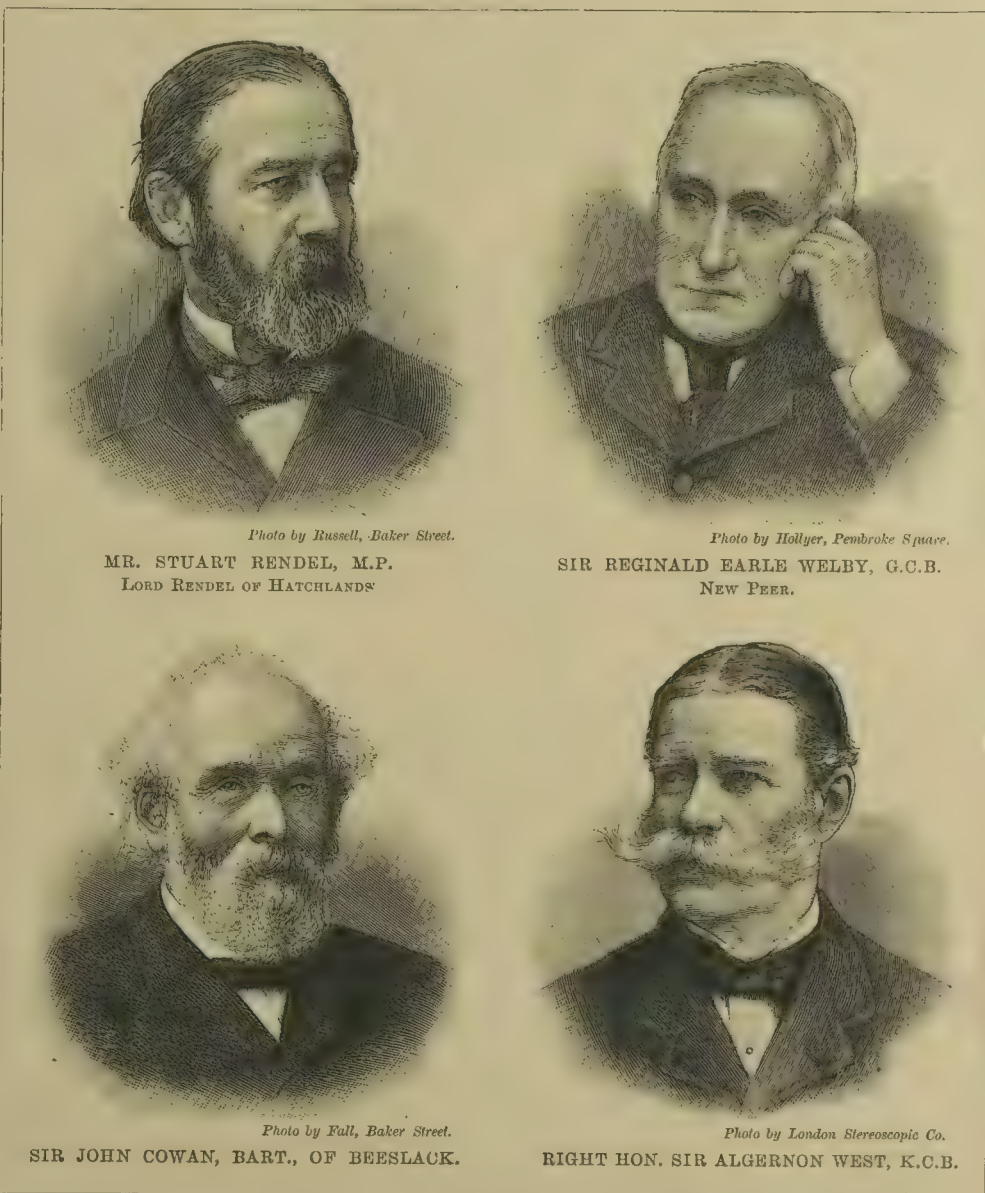


Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

MR. STUART RENDEL, M.P.
LORD RENDEL OF HATCHLANDS

Photo by Hollyer, Pembroke Square.

SIR REGINALD EARLE WELBY, G.C.B.
NEW PEER.

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SIR JOHN COWAN, BART., OF BEESLACK.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

RIGHT HON. SIR ALGERNON WEST, K.C.B.

HONOURS ON MR. GLADSTONE'S RETIREMENT.

take it. Perhaps their most learned divine, Rutherford, published a book of which Burton gives the gist. "Kings are responsible to their people for their righteous dealing. There is a corollary to this, that the clergy of the true"—namely, the Presbyterian—"Church are the judges of right and wrong; and the final inference is that these gentlemen are the rulers of the world." No state can tolerate the despotism of the clergy; no tyranny is less endurable; but to establish this absolutism was the aim of men who are now regarded as friends of civil and religious liberty. We might as well apply the same praises to Thomas à Becket or Hildebrand. Like Bismarck, the Stuarts and their successors could not go to Canossa—a Presbyterian Canossa—or, at least, could not stay there.

As may be fancied, "James Grahame" (as Macaulay insisted on calling John Grahame), Viscount Dundee, does not fare well in Mr. Todd's hands. He is "fictitiously brave," brave only in fiction. Prejudice can hardly be more prejudiced. We can appeal from Mr. Todd to the national poet, Burns, as Mr. Todd ruefully confesses, "has not much to say about" the Covenanters, only that "the solemn League and Covenant cost meikle blood and tears," or something of this sort." Well, what has Burns to say about Dundee—

Ye honoured mighty Dead
Who nobly perished in the glorious Cause,
Your King, your country, and your laws,
From great Dundee, who smiling Victory led,
And fell a Martyr in her arms.

A MURDERER AT LARGE.

The following incident, which was one of many experiences at the time of the Crimean War, although it occurred thirty-eight years ago, is not without some interest in the present day, from its bearing on the condition of the eastern



THE BRIGAND.

parts of the Turkish dominions. We are constantly reading of murders and atrocities in the districts of Armenia and Kurdistan, and the individual I have to describe was a Kurd. In October, after the long siege of Sebastopol had ended, I had the honour of an invitation from the Duke of Newcastle of that time to accompany him on a cruise round the eastern shores of the Black Sea, and to make sketches for him of his visit to Circassia. The Duke had been Minister of War when the struggle with Russia began, and on resigning office he came out to the Crimea so as to acquire information about the state of the army on the spot. Admiral Lyons kept a cruiser or two upon the Circassian coast, and one of them, the *Highblyer*, was placed at the Duke's disposal. The late Lord Calthorpe, then the Hon. F. H. W. G. Calthorpe, was also in our party. He was on his way to India, but had come to have a look at Sebastopol in passing, and to see his brother, who was on Lord Raglan's staff. Another, and a man of note, joined us in some of our trips to the interior on the Circassian coast. This was Laurence Oliphant, who, like the others, has now gone to the greater number. His book, "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea," had been published, and was, of course, a great success. He had come out again, and with adventurous hopes of being able to penetrate through the Caucasus to Schamyl's stronghold. But I heard one familiar with the country explain to him how many tribes he would have to pass through; how

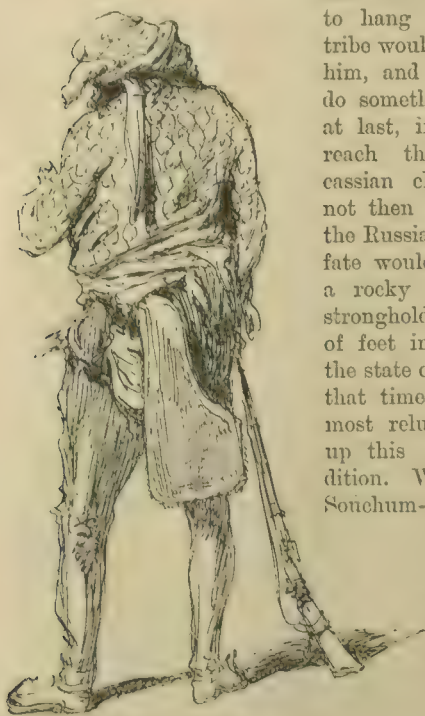
on the shores round the Black Sea. So I asked him to inquire of my model who he was. The man answered that he was a Kurd; to further inquiries he said he had come to Batoum on some business. A further conversation went on, and, noticing he had a pistol in his belt as well as a gun in his hand, the question chanced to be put why he had not a sword also. To this he replied that his business did not require one. "What business?" was the question that followed. To this, without the slightest change from his self-satisfied expression, he answered, "Killing people." "Oh! you kill people?" "Yes." "How do you do it?" "I wait behind a rock till I see a traveller come along, and when he comes near I shoot him." Not the faintest alteration was apparent in the muscles of this man's face as he coolly gave these details. "And then you rob him?" To this inquiry he answered "Yes." "How many have you killed and robbed?" "Thirteen, and three Russians." Why he made a distinction in his detailed statistics of murder between Russians and others was not gone into. He was asked where he was going when he left Batoum; and he said to the mountains, "Please God, where I hope soon to shoot the first traveller I meet." This combination of piety and murder is not new. I have read of Mediterranean pirates promising candles to the Virgin to ensure success; and the Thugs of India celebrated rites to Bhawani to enlist her favour in their doings. Hearing this murderer's account of himself, I naturally took a greater interest in him, and made a careful portrait, which showed his thin slits of eyes, and black eyebrows close upon them; a low sloping forehead, with a long hooked nose, that hung down over his upper lip, like the beak of a bird of the hawk species; he had very thin lips, the under one projecting out beyond the upper, giving a hard, ferocious expression to the face. While I sketched, this human vulture's vanity was tickled, and he looked pleased; but imagined such a brute with a victim helpless before him, his low nature



PROFILE OF THE BRIGAND.

roused with the fierce desire of blood and plunder; and the effect on these features may perhaps be realised! Mercy there would be none. The marvellous point was the state of things which this incident indicated. The conditions of law and order were such that this fiend seemed to have no fear of openly recounting his career of murder before strangers in the face of day. When he left us he walked coolly away, eating walnuts, and I sketched a back view of him, which had as suspicious an appearance as his front. Had I met him half a mile out of Batoum the chances are that the sketches of him would not have been done, and one more would have been added to his list of "business" transactions.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.



BACK VIEW OF THE VILLAIN.

this tribe would be sure to hang him, and that tribe would certainly shoot him, and the next might do something worse; and at last, if he chanced to reach the famous Circassian chief—who had not then been caught by the Russians—his probable fate would be a toss over a rocky precipice of the stronghold, some hundreds of feet in height. From the state of the country at that time Oliphant had, most reluctantly, to give up this cherished expedition. We left him at Sonchum-Kaleh with Omar Pasha's army, and a few days afterwards he lent a hand, if not to fight, at least to help the wounded, at the battle of the Ingour; and I have heard a curious story as to how his first experience with Spiritualists in America was linked back to that event. From Sonchum-Kaleh we sailed to Batoum, which was then within the Turkish frontier. It was a wretched tumble-down place at the time, but on that account all the more attractive to an artist; and I took the first opportunity of a boat going on shore to land before any of our party did. I had not strolled very far along the beach when I encountered a strange-looking figure, and at once made signs that I wished to sketch him. Often I have read in books of people in the East objecting to be sketched, but I cannot recall a single instance of this in my experience. My new friend, who was eating walnuts, did not show any signs of antagonism; on the contrary, a calm, satisfied smile came over his features as he stood and saw me begin drawing. The sketch was not finished when the Duke and his dragoman, Lucca, approached. Lucca had a wonderful gift of tongues; I have heard him speak nearly all the languages and dialects that are in use



A KURD.

EARLY ITALIAN ART.

(See Supplement.)

To those who have been accustomed to associate the Primitives of all schools north or south of the Alps with the idea of harsh unplastic feeling, the evidence of the thoroughly human, though occasionally naive, sentiment which characterised early Italian art must have come as a surprise. It is true that for the last twenty years among the Old Masters at Burlington House a room has been specially set apart for specimens of this school, but with rare exceptions the pictures have been either so archaic or so destitute of personal interest that they have failed to arouse the popular taste. The committee of management at the New Gallery have proceeded upon a different system, and have brought together a collection as unrivalled in variety as in the attractiveness of the pictures exhibited. In the reproductions here presented to our readers the selection is of necessity strictly limited, but an attempt has been made to give worthy specimens of the works of those painters who had more than any others the distinction of creating Italian art and of settling the lines upon which its subsequent development was to be pursued. They were not always the most signally successful, and for a long time enjoyed popularity only among connoisseurs, but the claims of Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, and Signorelli as leaders of thought as well as masters of their craft are now universally acknowledged. Fra Angelico, who in point of time as well as in method preceded these, was an influence of a different sort, and gave to Florentine religious art that touch of mysticism by which for more than a century it was distinguished. The scientific qualities of later art had for him no attractions, but he was perhaps the first of all painters to feel and to depict expression in the features and harmony in composition. Ghirlandajo and Botticelli coming into the world just as Fra Angelico was leaving it, marked the dawn of a new era, although the strong individuality of the latter was for a long time obscured by his apparent attachment to a single type of beauty. As, however, taste ripened and appreciation was based upon profounder study, the steadiness with which Botticelli pursued ideal beauty was recognised. To this he added a vividly dramatic power, of which we find the highest expression in his telling of the story of Nastagio degli Onesti. His intensity of devotional feeling was displayed in the various renderings of the Holy Family, in which he mingled with marvellous delicacy the human and divine elements which Catholic Christianity ascribed to the Holy Child and His parents. One of the most noteworthy of these is the *tondo* lent by Mr. Wickham Flower, to which, as is justly due, a prominent place has been awarded in the exhibition, for it displays in a more than usually marked degree the special qualities of Botticelli's art.

Ghirlandajo, although strictly of the Florentine school, passed so much of his early life at Rome that his style, especially in his easel pictures, shows the influences to which he had been subjected. He was altogether wanting in tenderness of expression, but never in dignity. He was perhaps the most skilful draughtsman of his time, and carried realism to the highest point in Florentine art. His greatest works were in tempera, and can be seen to best advantage in Florence. The peculiar charm of Raffaellino del Garbo, on the other hand, lies in the tenderness of feeling, which is especially noticeable in the specimen given, which, once in the Graham collection, now belongs to Sir B. Samuelson.

Of Leonardo da Vinci—the forerunner of what Vasari calls "*la maniera moderna*"—there is little need to speak. His place as the leader of the Lombard school, although himself a Tuscan by birth and training, is universally recognised. His ideal was perhaps the loftiest conceived by any painter of the numerous schools which were making Italy foremost in the Renaissance of art. His work was not less subtle than it was refined, with a dreaminess in the expression of his women's faces often contrasting with the vigorous action he could throw into the movements of his warriors. He was a master of light and atmosphere, and, as seen in the picture we have reproduced, the well-known features of the Tuscan landscape came naturally to his mind long after he had quitted the Val d'Arno. His constant recurrence to nature as the true source of inspiration, rather than to antique models which recent research has brought into notice, distinguish Leonardo from the other great painters of the Renaissance, and justify the place assigned to him as the pioneer of the Golden Age. His "*Vierge aux Rochers*," now in the National Gallery, marks one phase of his religious art, and Lord Battersea's "*Virgin and Child*" another, and, to many eyes, a less conventional period. In the St. John the Baptist, on the other hand, we find Leonardo removed one step further away from his early leader, Perugino, and striking out that subtle type of beauty of which the "*Mona Lisa*" or "*La Gioconda*" is the fullest development.

The chief of the Antiquities Department in Egypt, Mr. De Morgan, has discovered, at Sakkara, a subterranean gallery, 230 ft. long, with numerous chambers, all cut in the rock, forming the entrance to the brick pyramid of Dashoor. The chambers contain the tombs and sarcophagi of many personages of the twelfth dynasty, two thousand years before Christ.

THE PREMIER'S COUNTRY SEATS.

A visit to Lord Rosebery's principal seat is not to be lightly forgotten. Mentmore Towers was built in 1857 by the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, in imitation of Wollaton, and Mr. Stokes, R.A., the architect, had *carte blanche* in the fulfilment of this object. The result, as seen to-day after nearly forty years have laid their mellowing influence on brick and stone, is a structure having a beauty rivalling its size, a strikingly fine example of Anglo-Italian architecture. In its situation the mansion has considerable advantages: although the elevation is not exceptional, the vale of Aylesbury is below, and, strolling along the Italian terraces, you have spread out before you a wonderfully pretty picture of English pastoral scenery.

The mansion, it is almost needless to say, is very rich in art-treasures. It has a mantelpiece from Rubens' house, and the tapestries of Mazarin. The Doge's chandeliers hang in the ball-room, while sculpture of more or less value is to be seen in almost every room. For these things of great price, however, the Prime Minister, it is believed, cares little. The late Lady Rosebery exercised sole jurisdiction over them, and it was by her hands that the interesting and informing catalogue of them was prepared. It will be remembered that in her will her Ladyship bequeathed as keepsakes to several friends and relatives such articles of virtue as they cared to select from the collection at Mentmore.

The beautiful gardens, laid out in the Italian style, and the extensive conservatories, were also wont to engage Lady Rosebery's practical attention. There are many pieces of statuary among the flowers and plants, skilfully arranged with a good eye to artistic effect. The fine collection of Indian plants was greatly enriched as the result of Lord and Lady Rosebery's visit to the East in 1886. At this time the orchid-house was built, and until her fatal illness her Ladyship spent a good deal of time in this place studying the cultivation of Mr. Chamberlain's flower. The aviary, near the large old-fashioned house of the head gardener,

was another favourite resort of her Ladyship, for whom the rare and the curious in bird-life always had great interest. At the present moment the aviary, which is beautifully situated in the midst of grass and foliage, contains a number of the rarer and more beautiful species. When Lord Rosebery is at Mentmore, his chief concern,

in some respects the most remarkable, party he has ever received there was a hundred members or more of the L.C.C., who accepted their Chairman's invitation to luncheon, and travelled by special train to the little station at Cheddington. It was the one pleasant outing the L.C.C. has given itself. Lady Rosebery liked to have a few friends at a time at the Towers; and while they were there one of her greatest delights was to conduct them to the pretty dairy, a little building standing by itself in the grounds, and there, on a warm summer afternoon, regale them with strawberries and cream.

At Mentmore there are about 120 persons in the Prime Minister's employ, including those engaged in the work of the Home Farm. The cottages occupied by the agricultural labourers are one of the most remarkable features of Mentmore: of excellent Elizabethan design, with well-stocked gardens, one would scarcely take them to be the habitations of humble tillers of the soil. They were built by the late Countess of Rosebery when, as Miss Hannah Rothschild and the sole heiress of the great Baron, she had exclusive control over the Mentmore domain.

Another country house in the possession of the Prime Minister is Barnbougle Castle, which is at a short distance from Dalmeny House. It is used as an adjunct, and

was purchased with Dalmeny, in 1662, by Lord Rosebery's ancestor, Sir Archibald Primrose, from the fourth Earl of Haddington. Sir Archibald was Clerk of the Privy Council in the reign of Charles I., and was created by his royal master a baronet of Nova Scotia, a title still held by the Earl of Rosebery. Barnbougle is built in the substantial, though somewhat sombre, style of a Scotch castle, and commands a fine view over the Firth of Forth.

Other estates of Lord Rosebery may, for the sake of completeness, be here mentioned, in addition to those we have illustrated. They are Postwick, near Norwich, and Rosebery, in the county of Edinburgh. The family derives its surname from the lands of Primrose, in the county of Fife.



BARNBOUGLE CASTLE, ON LORD ROSEBERY'S ESTATE AT DALMENY.

it need hardly be said, is with the paddocks, which are situated at a distance from the mansion, and the stables, where one or other of his favourite horses is generally to be found. The stables form a quadrangle, and, with their warm red brick partly covered with ivy, have quite a picturesque appearance. At the stud-farm there are generally twenty to thirty animals which have carried, or are likely to carry, Lord Rosebery's colours on the Turf. One of the most curious features, by the way, of the park is a bronze statue of the late Baron de Rothschild's favourite thoroughbred stallion King Tom. It is life-size, and cost £1500. Sir Edgar Boehm was the sculptor.

Since Lady Rosebery's death, the Premier has entertained very little at Mentmore. Probably the largest, and



Photo by W. F. Piggott, Leighton Buzzard.

MENTMORE TOWERS, NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BUCKS, THE SEAT OF LORD ROSEBERY.

GROUSE MOORS.

It is still a far cry to the Twelfth of August; but if, taking your walks abroad in St. James's Street or in Pall Mall, you see ten men with anxiety written on their brows, you may safely attribute the trouble of at least one of them to thoughts about the coming grouse season. He has been to a Highland estate agent, or is going thither; and if you happen to know him and ask what is the matter, he will tell you that he has bought or is about to buy a pig in a poke. At a cost which may be anywhere between £200 and £2000 he has acquired, or is on the verge of acquiring, possession of a grouse moor for three months next autumn, and is not at all sure how the transaction will turn out. He means to have three or four friends, all crack shots, at his lodge on the Twelfth. What if they find that there are hardly any birds to shoot? What will be thought of him by his friends, whom he shall have dragged two or three hundred leagues from comfort through the wilds on the promise of good sport? What, indeed, will it become his duty to think of himself? What influence on the direction of his reproaches will his wife supply? In short, the anxious man feels that he is, or may turn out to have been, foolish; and he is not without grounds for his apprehensions. Of recent years there has been a growing opinion that the system on which grouse moors are let is radically wrong; and, as in a club of sportsmen the other day one heard of a project to reform it, if possible, in the issue of a test case, we may, while the matter is still not *sub judice*, spend ten amusing minutes in looking into it.

Grouse moors are, in any event, rather costly luxuries. The demand for them has been increasing so much year by year that sportsmen are even now, many months before the season, busy with their negotiations at the agencies. That is because if they do not arrange for their shootings now there may be none suitable to arrange about later. The consequence of the competition is that, even if a man gets the full head of game to which his bag was limited, he pays for his sport at a rate not less than twenty-five shillings a brace of grouse. Sometimes, however, the full head are not forthcoming; sometimes the actual bag is far short of what the "probable bag" was stated to be. In one case a man who had paid £1000 for his autumn possession of a moor, and therefore expected 800 brace of birds, bagged less than 100. With three friends, all of them proved game-shots, he had tramped the heather day after day for weeks, and had become convinced that 1400 of the probable grouse were purely imaginary. In the heart of equity, that man, who is representative of not a few, is at first sight a man with a grievance claimant for redress. You meet many of him in country houses and in the clubs, and your heart goes out to him when he makes remarks about the Highland lairds. It is no use arguing, one feels, that he has had fresh air and mountain scenery, and that this should make him content. He could have had the air and the scenery on the Matterhorn at a much less stately price. It was grouse he wanted; it was grouse for which he paid; and grouse he should have had. Not having had them in the measure of the estimates on which the rent was fixed, he is surely entitled to a cheque in abatement. That is the case which you hear in the haunts of sportsmen whose normal domicile is London and the home counties.

In the Highlands themselves, and in the chambers of the London agents who now manage the business of practically all the lairds, the interesting subject wears a different complexion. It is not through any malice aforethought on the part of the owners of the moors that rents now rule so high. The problem has come about in a process of supply and demand, which began with the demand. Ireland at this moment has grouse moors of large extent and excellent stock, yet nobody thinks of going to Ireland for a moor, and therefore the moors there are as valueless as bog. It would be not more unreasonable to blame the Irish landowners on that account than it is to blame the Highland lairds for the costliness of the Highland grouse. Rich men have made a fashion of going to shoot in Scotland in autumn, and the fashion alone is to blame. That justifies the rate at which the moors are rented. It is unscientific to say that it is a dear rate. In such matters there is neither dearness nor cheapness. The value of things, which is measured by what they bring in the market, is always exactly right. The risks, which are high, are a different matter; but they, too, come under an inexorable natural law. Until a fortnight before the Twelfth, it is impossible for any man to give an absolute assurance that a moor which generally yields 500 brace of grouse will that year fulfil its reputation. Disease may come like a thief in the night; the Highland July sometimes brings snowstorms so bitter that one wonders how a single bird survives. Nobody wilfully constrains you to arrange about your moor in March, or at any other time. If you do arrange about it in advance, it is not unreasonable that yours is the risk of disease, of the late spring rains which chill the eggs, and of the summer blizzard which destroys the stock. You arrange in advance because you think that that is to your own advantage. By doing so, in the first place, you secure your moor; and, in the second place, as values naturally rise with the increase of demand, you secure it at a time when you arrange to pay less than you might have to arrange for if you delayed until the prospect of good sport was comparatively assured. A laird or his agent can do no more, and does no more, than tell the "probable bag" at the sum of which he arrives by calculations which are open to inspection. His share in the matter is a certainty, and the risk is yours; but that is in the nature of things, which the sportsman, distraught, of his own free will, so far ahead of his sport, must, like Porson, damn in vain. W. EARL HODGSON.

Very handy for laymen as well as those for whom it is chiefly intended is the "Clergy Directory" (J. S. Phillips), the new edition of which has just appeared. Besides containing an alphabetical list of the clergy of the Church of England down to the Advent ordinations, the book gives a list of the parishes, with much information pertaining thereto; a complete list of patrons, and also of chaplains in the Army, Navy, and auxiliary forces. An interesting point is the list of church graveyards which have been closed during the last year. The book contains 840 pages, and is well printed and bound.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W P HIND (Seaford).—Thanks for your letter, in which we think you come to a wise decision. The new contribution shall be carefully examined. We quite endorse your opinion of No. 2605.

F H WILLIAMS.—Amended diagram received, and we trust to find the position now correct.

W RICHY (Exmouth).—No solutions can be published sooner than a fortnight after the problem appears, and then ought to reach us the Thursday immediately following publication.

A M (Banbury).—After 1. Q B takes P, B to Q 7th, 2. R takes P, B takes B, how can the Kt discover check? In the next case the reply to P to Q 5th is 2. R to Q Kt sq, &c. The other cases are obvious.

J F MOON.—A notice to you appeared some numbers back pointing out a second solution of your problem, commencing with Kt to Q 5th.

B M ALLEN.—Your letter arrived too late, as the problem was already in type and could not be altered. We never received your letter of withdrawal.

F H ROLLISON (Eastcote).—A cursory examination of the position shows no fault, and it might possibly please the boys. It would, at any rate, be a lesson to them that force is not always the chief thing in chess.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2603 received from Hereward, J Bailey (Newark), Dr Brown (Furnham), and A M (Banbury); of No. 2604 from Edward J Sharpe, Palasio (Hastings), E E H, Ubique, H S Brandreth, J F Moon, and R H Brooks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2605 received from C D (Camberwell), Charles Burnett, H C Chapellor, J F Moon, Hereward, T G (Ware), Alex Cross (Crieff), C E Perugini, Edward Bygott (Sandbach), M Burke, J S Wesley (Exeter), E London, E E H, H C Myers, A J Haggood (Haslar), Alpha, Julian Hott (Bromley), J I I (Frampton), Martin F, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), L Desanges, H B Hurford, Blair Cochran (Clew), R H Brooks, Shadforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), Ubique, Sorrento, A Newman, W Wadham (Swindon), G Joicey, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W Wright, H S Brandreth, R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, F Glanville, W R Raillem, W Richy (Exmouth), and W P Hind.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2604.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE.
1. K to Kt 2nd
2. Q to B 5th (ch)
3. Kt to K 3rd. Mate.

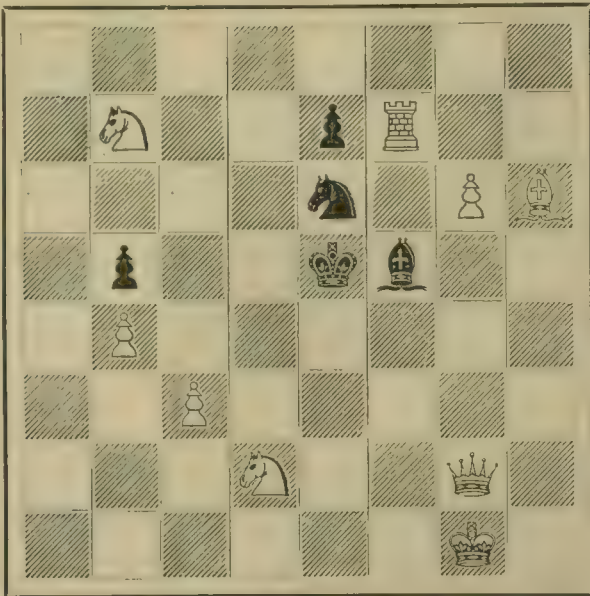
BLACK.
K to Kt 5th
K takes Q

If Black play 1. K to Kt 7th, 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch), and if 1. K to Kt 7th, then 2. Q takes Kt (ch), K takes either Kt; 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2607.

By B. M. ALLEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The subjoined games were played at the Divan between Mr. S. TINSLEY and an AMATEUR.
(Centre Counter Gambit).

WHITE (Amateur). 1. P to K 4th 2. P takes P	BLACK (Mr. T.). P to Q 4th Kt to K B 3rd	WHITE (Amateur). 22. R to Q Kt sq 23. Q to Kt 2nd 24. B takes Kt 25. Q to Kt 4th 26. Q to K sq 27. K to R sq 28. P to Kt 3rd 29. P to R 6th	BLACK (Mr. T.). Q to Q 4th P to B 5th B takes B P to B 4th P to K 5th P to B 6th K R to K sq	
Not generally recognised, but much practised in off-hand games by Black. White is sometimes recommended to play B to Kt 5th (ch) in reply, and keep the Pawn. P to Q 4th is bad, as Black gets a good game by P to Q 3rd. The best play is probably for White 3. P to Q 4th, and if Kt takes P, 4. P to B 4th followed by Kt to Q 3rd.				
3. Kt to Q B 3rd 4. Kt takes Kt 5. Kt to K B 3rd 6. P to Q 3rd 7. B to K 2nd 8. Castles 9. P to Q B 3rd 10. Kt to K sq 11. P to Q Kt 4th 12. P to Q R 4th 13. P to R 5th 14. P to Q B 4th 15. Q to R 4th 16. B to Q sq 17. B to K 3rd 18. Kt takes B 19. P to Kt 5th 20. P takes P 21. Q to R 2nd	Kt takes P Q takes Kt P to K 4th R to K 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd Castles B to K B 4th B to Q B 4th P to Q Kt 3rd B to Q R 2nd Q to K 3rd Kt to Q 5th Q to Kt 3rd B takes P Q takes Kt P takes P Q takes P P to K B 4th	White stakes a good deal on his Queen's-side attack. The Pawn sacrifices seem unsound; but it comes very near success, except for capital defence and good counter-attack.		
29. P takes P 30. Q to R 5th 31. Q to R 4th 32. B to Kt 3rd 33. B to B 4th 34. R to Kt 3rd				P takes P R to Q 3rd R to K 2nd Q to K R 4th R to R 2nd R to B 2nd
Black was compelled to escape from the danger threatening, in order to be safe and embrace the opportunity for the fine winning combination commencing with Q to R 6th, of which White is unconscious.				
35. B takes P (ch) 36. R to Kt 8th (ch) 37. Q to R 5th 38. B to Kt 5th 39. R to K Kt sq 40. K takes Q				K to Q sq K to K 2nd R (B2) to Q 2nd Q to R 6th Q takes P (ch) R Mates

Game played between Mr. S. TINSLEY and a strong AMATEUR.
(Viennese Game.)

WHITE (Amateur). 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to Q B 3rd 3. P to K B 4th	BLACK (Mr. T.). P to K 4th Kt to K B 3rd	WHITE (Amateur). 14. K to B 2nd 15. R to K sq 16. P to Q 5th 17. R takes K B (ch)	BLACK (Mr. T.). B to K 3rd Q to B 4th Kt to Q B 3rd
In off-hand games all sorts of irregular variations are adopted, of which this game furnishes an example.			
3. Kt to K B 3rd 5. P to Q 4th 6. B to B 4th 7. Kt to K 2nd 8. P to K R 4th 9. P takes P 10. B takes P 11. Kt takes P 12. R takes R	P takes P Kt to R 4th P to Q 3rd P to K Kt 3rd P to K Kt 4th P to K R 3rd P takes P P takes B Kt takes Kt	To prevent Black Castling (Q R) is obviously intended. It was, however, better to play P takes B, or P takes Kt at once, and in reply to Black's Q to B 4th (ch), Q to K 3rd. Now Black recovers his piece with safety, and all is over.	
17. P takes B 18. Q to K 3rd 20. P to K 7th (ch) 21. R to K R sq 22. R to R 4th 23. K to Kt 3rd	K takes R Q to B 4th (ch) Q takes B K to K sq K to Q 2nd Q takes P (ch) Kt takes Kt P and wins		

The chess-players of the two Universities have had, as usual, a busy week in the metropolis, and, before coming to conclusions with each other, have combined to meet in turn the British, the City, and the Metropolitan Chess Clubs. The matches against the two former were attended with precisely similar results—namely, 8½ to the united teams and 10½ to their opponents. That against the Metropolitan, which shared in popular interest with the match of the same club at the same time against the City, was lost by 11 games to 9.

The match Oxford v. Cambridge, which took place at the British Chess Club on March 16, ended as follows: Cambridge, 4 games; Oxford, 3. In connection with the proceedings a banquet was held in the evening, at which Mr. G. Newnes, M.P., presided.

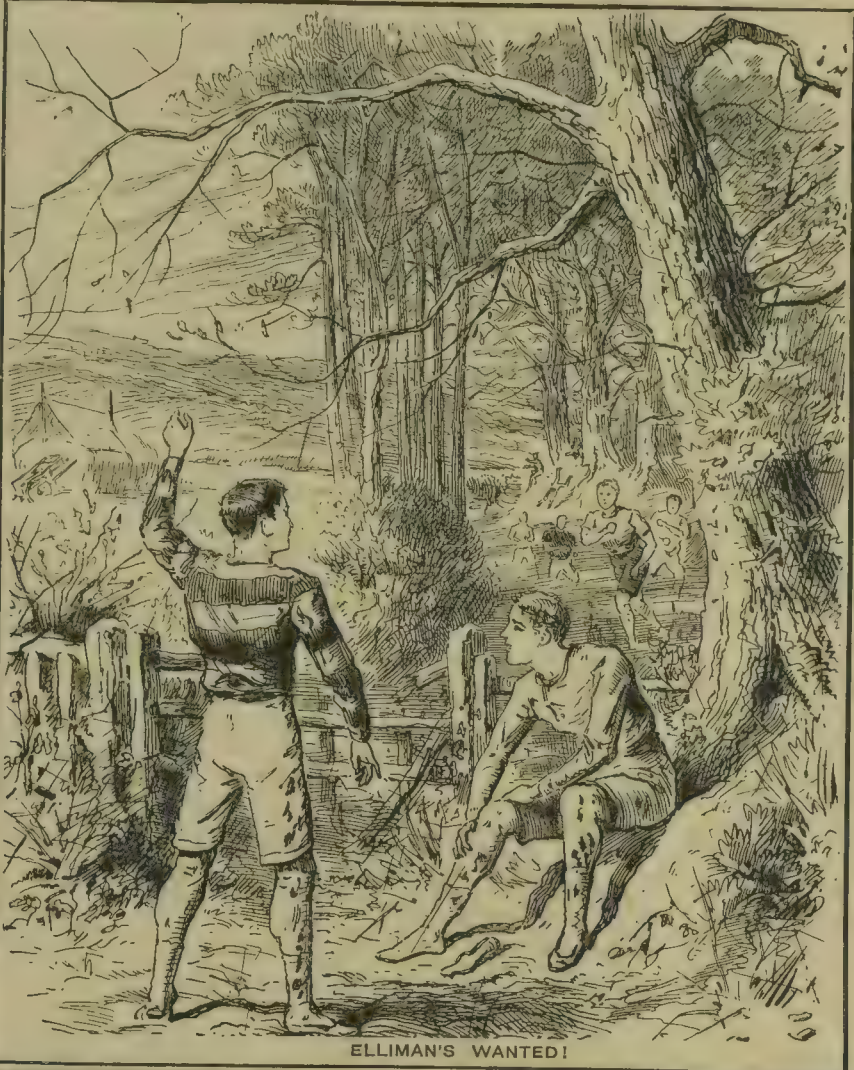
THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Men are, after all, as complete slaves to fashion in dress as women, and only partly conceal the fact by their greater lack of originality! Court dress for a man, for only one instance, is as rigidly prescribed as for a woman, the only difference being that the male courtier may not vary a hair's-breadth from the set form, while the female Court costume, though in essentials a settled uniform, gives full scope for individual taste, and allows of some novelty from season to season—as just now we see that all the Court gowns have balloon sleeves, and many have the petticoats trimmed in tiers, while a few seasons ago all had close, high-shouldered sleeves and plain fronts. This amount of change is more independent than the slavish uniformity with which men continue to wear little bags on the back of their Court coats of velvet, in order to support the tail of a wig that has long ceased to be donned; or to fix on their waists the sword that was once a part of every gentleman's equipment, and that he had to know how to use far more imperatively than he had to know how to spell, but that now has become so obsolete for civilians that most of the wearers of them at a Levée would be terrified to have to draw the weapon quickly and without tender precautions against its "going off," so to speak! Well, Court dress must remain fixed till the royal personage who holds Courts permits a change. A royal host or any other has a right to say in what garb guests shall attend a particular function. In the case of a fancy-dress or "powdered" ball, for instance, it is bad manners to go to the party at all if one is not prepared to wear the prescribed attire. But male Court dress is a pure convention whenever it is not a uniform that denotes at once the rank and occupation of the wearer; and one of these days it will probably be abolished, now that the precedent has been established of setting aside the obligation to wear it in addressing the Crown, though in the absence of royalty, as has just been done deliberately by Mr. Fenwick and as a sort of accident by Sir W. Harcourt afterwards. But a great many of the men who go to Court would, I verily believe, be little pleased if Levée dress were abolished. Men in their secret hearts do love dressing up: and the black velvet coat, with its drooping ruffles of soft real white lace at neck and wrists, and its silver or paste big buttons, and the silk vest, and the satin breeches and silk stockings—yes, even the unaccustomed and awful sword, with its silver hilt and bright sheath—altogether are a becoming decoration of the manly form that many of the wearers keenly appreciate. Many of them look so well in it that it seems a pity that they may not show it off in private society, except on such rare occasions as when a "Speaker's dinner" coincides with a party at some friend's house, and my gentleman in all his glory may drop in late at the latter gathering and show himself, as though quite casually.

Talking of the Speaker's dinners to members, at which, in compliment to the official position of the host as representative of her Majesty in the House of Commons, Levée dress or uniform is worn by the guests, I was once told a funny story of the late Joseph Biggar, the thorny-tempered deformed little bacon-merchant, who was the aristocratic, refined Parnell's first ally, and for some time his only follower, in Parliament. Biggar was not a poor man, but he was a thrifty one; and he hated the idea of spending money on a Court dress. Yet Mr. Parnell liked his party to appear at the Speaker's dinners, as asserting their privileges of Parliament. So Biggar undertook the irksome expense of hiring a Court suit in which to go to dine with the Speaker. The man who told me the story, another member who was not dining officially that night, was in the habit of going home with Biggar on the top of the last tram—they lived near each other out Lambeth way somewhere—and on this night the quaint little form of Biggar appeared in his smart trim dress, sword, paste buttons and all, without even an overcoat, to go home as usual. His companion remonstrated, but in vain; nor would Biggar even consent to ride as far as the tram would have taken him, but got down, as was his custom, at the extreme point to which one penny conveyed him, and walked the street thence to his rooms. His companion went so far as to offer to pay the extra penny out of his own pocket, but Biggar refused sternly. He was savage at the foolish expense to which he had already gone, and would not have even a penny more made of it. A man capable of such indifference to costume has a right to remonstrate about feminine attention to dress—but few are those men!

Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard are the moving spirits in the demonstrations held in several parts of the country, and notably in Exeter Hall, on March 20, in honour of the ninetieth birthday of General Neal Dow, the originator of Prohibition legislation. For more than a whole generation we have known such laws to forbid the free sale of intoxicating drinks as the "Maine Liquor Law." Well, the old gentleman, who has made a point of living to be ninety in order to prove the healthiness of total abstinence, is the inventor of the "Maine State Liquor Law." He is a "Friend," and has all the resolution in upholding his own views of right that characterises that body. Though he is ninety, he has not been freed from the American interviewer, to whom he has confided, in an interview published in Miss Willard's paper, the *Woman's Union Signal*, that in his belief the laws against liquor-selling would be more effectually carried out if women had the administration of them; but perhaps that was a compliment to his interviewer's sex. Probably the best testimony to the possibility of carrying out and to the useful tendency of stringent laws for diminishing the retail trade facilities for getting intoxicants is the fact that quite a number of the newer States of the American Union have adopted such legislation; and, indeed, if the strain of such laws on humanity had been too great for endurance, Maine itself would have revolted ere now, for people have lived there under Neal Dow's law for thirty-seven years. Of course, it is largely evaded—how far testimony differs; but nothing will prevent persons given to excessive drink from getting it. But it is claimed that the diminishing of the facilities for buying intoxicants helps to prevent people who have the tendency from ever developing it till it becomes the drink-craving.



ELLIMAN'S WANTED!



Fanny Moody 1891



HERE YOU HAVE IT!

FOR ACHES & PAINS.



"AN EXCELLENT GOOD THING."

1/12	ELLIMAN'S	1/12
LUMBRAGO		BRUISES
SPRAINS	<p>ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION</p>	CHEST
RHEUMATISM	<p>ATHLETES</p>	COLDS
CRAMP	<p>SUPPERS</p>	STIFFNESS
	<p>EMBROCATION</p>	ETC
1/12		1/12

ACHES, SPRAINS, and STIFFNESS.
A. F. Gardiner, Esq. (A.A.A., L.A.C., Spartan Harriers' (Official Handicapper), writes: "After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

FOOTBALL.
Forfar Athletic Football Club.
"Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

Quoted from the Journal of Bishop G. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE, Bishop of Mashonaland, 1892:—

"I offered a man £1 for half a bottle of Elliman's Embrocation, but he strongly preferred the Embrocation to the £1, as one might be replaced, the other not."

ELLIMAN'S IN MASHONALAND.

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Quoted from THE PANAMIK, by the EARL of DUNMORE, F.R.G.S.

ELLIMAN'S and the PANAMIK.



Rejoicing
REJOICING.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1891), with a codicil (dated May 11, 1893), of Mr. Josiah Spode, of Hawkesyard, near Rugeley, Staffordshire, and of 85, Marine Parade, Brighton, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on Feb. 17 by Miss Helen Mary Gulson, and the Rev. Pius Cavanagh, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £140,000. The testator leaves all his household goods, furniture, and effects at his residences, Hawkesyard and Marine Parade, to Miss Gulson; 85, Marine Parade, with the stables, to Miss Gulson, for life, and then to the head priest of the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist, Brighton; £500 to the Rugeley Cottage Hospital; £300 to the prioress of St. Dominic's Convent, to be applied at her discretion for any purpose in connection with the administration of the said convent; £300 to the priest in charge of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph and Saint Etheldreda, Rugeley, to be applied at his discretion for charitable or other purposes in connection with the said church; £200 to the priest in charge of the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist, Brighton, for similar purposes; and other considerable legacies. The residue of his real estate he devises to Miss Gulson, for life, and then as she shall by deed or will appoint; and the residue of his personal estate he gives upon such trusts as Miss Gulson shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1887), with four codicils (dated Feb. 24 and Oct. 16, 1888, and Jan. 29 and July 17, 1891), of Mr. Claude Marie Joseph Gautier, of the Château de Beaumont, Commune de Saint Etienne-sur-Chalaronne, France, who died on Jan. 23 at Nice, was proved in London on March 10 by Adrien Muncet, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English court amounting to upwards of £98,000. The testator bequeaths 10,000*fr.* to the works of charity of Nice and Beaumont; and legacies to servants. The remaining provisions of the will are in favour of his daughter and grandchildren, and relate to his wishes as to the disposal of his real estate.

The will (dated April 22, 1892) of Mr. Andrew Caldecott, of Ilighcroft, Husbands Bosworth, Leicestershire, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 10 by Mrs. Eliza Caldecott, the widow, Edwin Caldecott, the nephew, and the Rev. Richard Leslie Scott, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £90,000. The testator gives £500, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; his residence, Ilighcroft, to his wife, for life; and £100 each to his executors, Mr. Edwin Caldecott and the Rev. R. L. Scott. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the whole of the income to his wife for one year from his death; then as to £30,000, upon trust, for his eldest son, the Rev. Andrew Caldecott; £20,000 each, upon trust, for his sons Leslie and Gerald Stanley; and £10,000 each, upon trust, for his five daughters. The ultimate residue he leaves, upon further trust, for his eight children in equal shares. Mrs. Caldecott is to receive during life one half of the income of each child's share.

The will (dated May 19, 1893) of Mr. Alexander Garraway Thomson, of the Stock Exchange, and of B3, Albany, Piccadilly, who died on Feb. 1 at Bournemouth, was proved on March 10 by Spencer Campbell Thomson, the brother, Frank Charles Capel, and Frederic La Tour Mason, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £75,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his nephews and niece, Spencer Aubrey Thomson, Alan Graham Thomson, and Winifred Thomson; £1000 to Elizabeth Mary Strelley Yates, and £15,000, upon trust, for her for life; and legacies to cousins and others. There are also some specific bequests of pictures and cigars to friends. The residue of his estate he gives to his brother Spencer Campbell Thomson.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1882) of Mr. Lemuel Clayton, of Halifax, Yorkshire, silk-spinner, who died on Jan. 30, was proved on March 1 by John Henry Murgatroyd, the nephew and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £59,000. The testator bequeaths fifty shares in Clayton, Marsden, and Company, Limited, each to the Crossley Orphan Home and School and the Sick and Burial Fund established by the employees of the said company; and numerous shares in the same company to brothers, nephews, and others. There are also some other legacies. As to the residue of his property, he gives one fourth each to his brothers John Clayton and James Clayton, and his nephew, John Henry Murgatroyd; and one fourth between the children of his brother James and his sisters Mary Ann Murgatroyd and Elizabeth Metcalf.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1890), of Mr. William Coulson, formerly of 1, Pimlico, Durham, and late of Carlton Miniott, near Thirsk, Yorkshire, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on March 2 by Francis Coulson, the son, and Henry Lawrence, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator leaves £400 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Coulson; his house, 1, Pimlico, with the furniture and effects, upon trust, for her for life; a house at Spennymoor to his daughter, Anne Junor; £10,000, upon trust, for his said daughter; a house at Victoria Terrace, Western Hill, Durham, and an annuity of £52 to his son William Matthew Coulson; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate, including two farms in Ireland, he gives to his son Francis.

The will (dated May 3, 1891), with three codicils (dated May 3, 1891, Feb. 15, 1892, and March 13, 1893), of Mr. John Dunkin Francis, solicitor, of Chesham, Bucks, who died on Jan. 17 at Torquay, was proved on March 2 by Robert Francis, the brother, Robert George Francis and Henry John Calder, the nephews, and Edward Philip Monckton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator gives £1000 to trustees to apply at their uncontrolled discretion for the benefit of the poor and working classes of the parish of Chesham; £1000 and an annuity of £750 to his sister, Elizabeth Dunkin Francis; he also gives her all his wines, provisions, and jewellery, and such of his horses, carriages, and stable furniture as she may select; an annuity of £250

to his sister Joanna Dunkin Francis; £500 each to his brothers and sisters, except Elizabeth and Joanna; an annuity of £100 to his brother Christopher Dunkin Francis; all his plate, furniture and effects, the horses, carriages, &c., not selected by his sister, and all his freehold and copyhold property in Chesham to his nephew Earley Christopher Francis, he paying £500 each to his three unmarried sisters; and many legacies to nephews, nieces, clerks, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews (except John Spencer Francis and Charles Henry Francis) and nieces, and the issue of any such deceased nephew and niece.

The will (dated April 6, 1889), with a codicil (dated Feb. 16, 1891), of Mr. John Howell, of Priory Mount, Hastings, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on Feb. 28 by John Howell, the son, Walter Cheesman, and William Carless, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator gives legacies to his executors, sisters, godson, and servants; and forgives to his son any balance remaining of a debt of £25,000 in respect of their former partnership. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one third each to his said son and his daughter Anne Howell; and one third, upon trust, for his granddaughter Marjorie Anne Carless.

The will of Mr. William Whichcote Manners, of 15, Woodbury Park Road, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 6 by William Francis Manners, Louisa Maud Manners, and John Robert Manners, the children, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2351.

The will of General Sir Frederick Horn, G.C.B., of Buckby Hall, Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 8 by Miss Mary Louisa Horn, the daughter, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1338.

The Navy Estimates for the ensuing year have been issued with a statement by Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty. They show an increase of £3,126,000 in the intended expenditure, which will be £17,366,000. The number of officers, seamen, boys, coastguard, and marines will be 83,400, being an increase of 6700. Two cruisers and a torpedo gun-boat will be added to the Mediterranean squadron. The building of ships already ordered under the Naval Defence Act will be completed at a further cost of £292,000; seven of the ten first-class battle-ships are now in commission, and three others, the Royal Oak, Repulse, and Revenge, will be ready for service in April; of the forty-five cruisers, only five remain unfinished. In the coming financial year it is proposed to commence seven battle-ships of the first class, six cruisers of the second class, and two sloops. The new battle-ships will follow generally the designs of the Majestic and Magnificent. It is proposed to build five battle-ships in dockyards—two at Portsmouth, two at Chatham, and one at Pembroke. The new scheme of construction forms part of a complete programme arranged for a term of five years, after a careful review of our Navy compared with that of other Powers.

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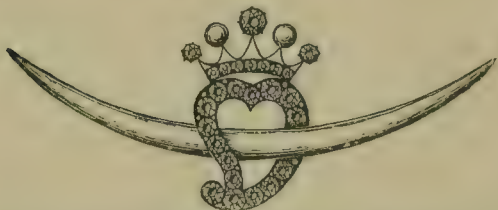
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Gold curb or cable chain Bracelet with heart in chrysoprase, topaz, or amethyst, and with any diamond initial £ 6.



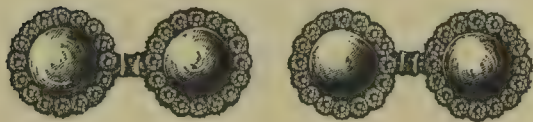
Enamel crescent Brooch in any colour with diamond and pearl heart and coronet. £ 15 10. 0. Ditto in all pearls £ 4. 0. 0.



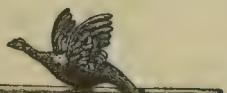
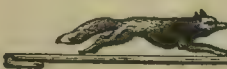
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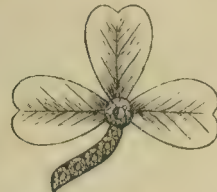
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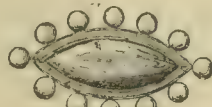
Chrysoprase & Diamond trefoil Brooch £ 10. These can be produced in amethyst, topaz, etc for same price



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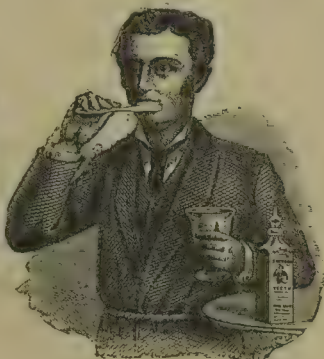
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The principal cause of human disease is disorder of the Stomach, arising from over-indulgence in rich food or a too frequent use of stimulants. The symptoms are easily discernible, such as Giddiness, Palpitation and Fluttering of the Heart, Sick Headache, Drowsiness, lack of energy, a feeling of sinking at the pit of the Stomach, a disposition to take a disheartened view of things, and a general languor of the system.

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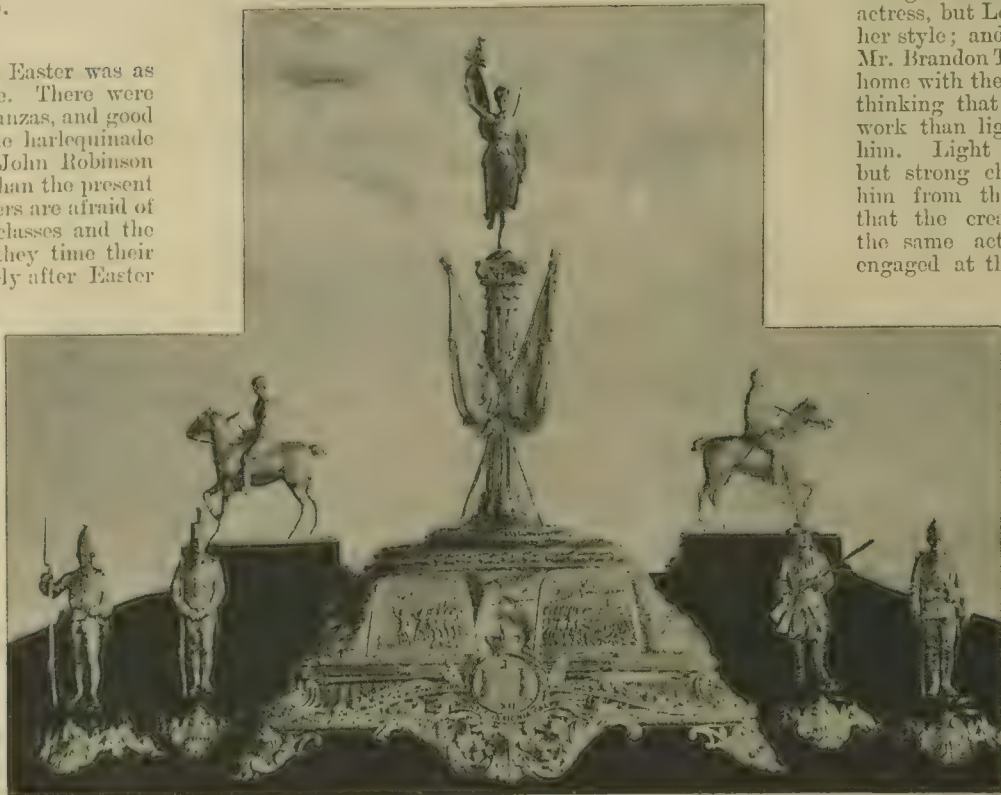
THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Once upon a time, in the days of long ago, Easter was as prodigal in amusements as Christmas-time. There were Christmas pantomimes and Easter extravaganzas, and good children were taken to Drury Lane for the harlequinade and to the Lyceum for the fairy plays of John Robinson Planché. A more barren theatrical Easter than the present one I cannot recall. I suppose the managers are afraid of the long holiday for the upper and middle classes and the Bank Holiday for the working man, so they time their business and start their novelties immediately after Easter and directly after the holiday season.

Mr. Beerholm Tree will open the ball next Wednesday with the long-talked-of and earnestly discussed English version of Fuld's "Der Talisman," which made a great success recently in Germany and has been equally successful also when played in German in New York. This, however, will be the first time that Fuld's play has been acted in English, although Mr. Frohman, of America, was very anxious to have a version for the American market. The fanciful story is founded on one of Hans Christian Andersen's well-known tales called "The Emperor's New Clothes." The cause of the success of this play in Germany has been much and warmly debated. Some ascribe it to the whimsical nature of the romance, others to the excellence of Herr Fuld's writing, while a third theory was that the novelty owed its success to the fact that the king in the dramatic poem had exactly the same characteristics and peculiarities as the young Emperor of Germany. The Emperor certainly "had his knife" into the play, as the saying is, because, although it was a prize play, and won the Schiller competition, it was for some time carefully kept out of Berlin. From all I can hear, it will be beautifully done at the Haymarket. The dresses are to be gorgeous, the music will be under the excellent care of Carl Arnbruster, who will introduce a new chorus by Dr. Felix Senon, so well known in literary society; and with Mr. and Mrs. Beerholm Tree, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Nielson), Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, and Mr. Lionel Brough, we may fairly expect a treat.

Mr. Alexander will be a little later with his production of the new play by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, which is heralded by all sorts of favourable prognostications. In the first place, it will be interesting to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell in another original part, and if it be true that Mr. George Alexander is to have a better chance for distinguishing himself than in the "feeding" characters



CENTREPIECE PRESENTED TO THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT BY MEMBERS OF THE CHUNDA FUND.

that have recently fallen to his lot, his many admirers will rejoice. He is the most unselfish of actors, but he certainly deserves a character this time worthy of his great talent. Mr. Herbert Waring, another excellent actor, has also been engaged.

It would not surprise me at all if Mr. Comyns Carr decided to put "Frou-Frou" up for a run directly after Easter, for Miss Winifred Emery's performance is far too brilliant to be lost sight of after one afternoon trial. This charming actress made really a brilliant success. She was a comedy actress and a tragic actress thrown into one. There are three periods for Frou-Frou. First, the girlish, frivolous, petted, irresponsible state. Next, the period of awakening, and the resolve to act like a woman and not like a child. Last, the tragic despair at the sorrow that her folly has caused, ending in a sadly sympathetic death. In all these various "states" Miss Winifred Emery was fine beyond all question. Now that she has begun to fly in good earnest we shall all expect to see her soaring a little higher still. I have no doubt that before "Frou-Frou" is produced at night there will be a few important

changes in the cast. Miss Marie Linden is a charming actress, but Louise, the serious sister, is not quite suited to her style; and I dare say, with a little more practice, both Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. H. B. Irving will be more at home with the French husband and lover. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Irving is more at ease with stronger work than light comedy—just as his father was before him. Light comedy never suited Mr. Henry Irving, but strong character parts and melodrama belonged to him from the outset. No one would have believed that the creator of "The Bells" could have been the same actor who made so little mark when first engaged at the Lyceum for the part of a spoony lover in "Fanchette," a play taken from one of George Sand's novels, "La Petite Fadette." But Miss Winifred Emery as Frou-Frou is almost certain to be a draw. It is a long time since the play has been seen. The younger generation is not troubled with memories of the brilliant predecessors of Miss Winifred Emery, and if they were they would own her consummate power and cleverness. It is distinctly a performance to be seen, and I am rejoiced that she has strength enough to play it. It was not bad work for an invalid to play Frou-Frou in the morning, and to follow it up with Miss Linley in "Dick Sheridan" at night.

In a very few days' time Mr. Henry Irving will be back with us again, and it will not take him long, after his travelling experience, to get "Faust" in order, which will run along pleasantly until the time comes for Mr. Comyns Carr's anxiously expected version of Malory's "King Arthur and Queen Guinevere." That doubtless will be the great dramatic production of the year 1894.

PRESENTATION TO THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT.

A solid silver centrepiece has been presented to the officers' mess of the 1st Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment by the members of the Chunda Fund. The base is beautifully worked in floral design, and shows the Rock of Gibraltar, with four battle scenes from Dettingen, Seringapatam, South Africa, and Afghanistan. Below, on each side, is the regimental badge, with ribbons bearing the names of various battles. The rock is surmounted by a Corinthian column, with the Queen's and the regimental colours, and a winged figure of Victory. On separate plinths are four privates, wearing the uniform of the years 1685, 1759, 1799, and 1893. Two figures of polo-players on ponies are included in this beautiful work. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street.

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"Sir,—Kindly forward another bottle of 'Harlene.' I like it immensely. I think it is an excellent dressing for the hair, and prefer it to any other.

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"Doctor Bishop has used two bottles of Edwards' 'Harlene,' and feels that it has had a good effect, and is encouraged to use more. Please send two bottles for money inclosed."

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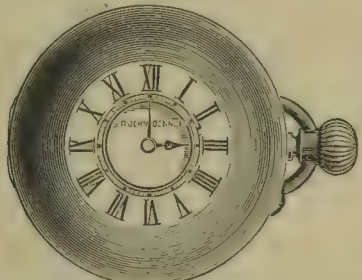
"Dear Sir,—Yours is indeed a wonderful discovery. I have used one bottle, and can detect an improvement in my hair already. Please send another bottle.

"W. A. RODSTEAD."

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is expected that the Rev. Charles Gore will shortly visit Australia in response to an urgent invitation. The Non-conformist bodies have sent some of their leading men such as Dr. Dale and Dr. Maclaren—on deputations to the Colonies, and they have been warmly welcomed. If Mr. Gore sees his way to accept the invitation, there is no doubt he will greatly influence the life and thought of the Australian Church, and for the sake of his own health the journey is, perhaps, advisable.

The death of the Dean of Hereford, which took place at Hereford on March 14, will be much regretted, especially in the city where since 1867 he occupied so prominent a position. The sympathy and confidence of the inhabitants, Nonconformists and Churchmen, were strikingly shown in trying circumstances.

Lord Rosebery's probable ecclesiastical policy continues greatly to interest the Church papers. It is taken for granted on all hands that the attack on the Welsh Establishment will go on, but more anxiety is felt about the nomination of bishops. One journal thinks that Mr. Gladstone will still be consulted in matters of ecclesiastical patronage, and can hardly imagine that Mr. John Morley and Mr. Arthur Acland would, as men of honour, care to take any part whatever in the choice of fit and proper persons for the government of the Church. In any case, it believes that Lord Rosebery's first House of Commons is not long for this world.

That indefatigable worker the Bishop of Durham is having a well-earned holiday on the Continent.

The Bishop of Winchester has been giving some sensible counsel to the younger clergy. Humour he rather discourages in speeches. People are slow to see the point of a joke, and if they do not the speaker looks foolish. Scolding or lofty admonition, he thinks, irritates rather than otherwise, and rebuke too often scathes the people who are innocent.

Dr. Kerr, Rector of St. Mary Cyst, Exeter, whose death is announced, was a man of some mark. He was literary adviser and art critic to the firm of Marcus Ward and Co. This brought him into relation with a wide circle

of acquaintances and friends. He had a large fund of personal reminiscences and anecdotes of country life in Ireland, his native country; these, it is to be feared, are gone with him. He was a loyal Churchman and Conservative, but inclined somewhat to the Broad Church school.

The second meeting of the Free Church Congress, held at Leeds, was fairly attended, and speeches were delivered by some prominent Nonconformists. But it does not seem to have laid hold of the Dissenting community as a whole. The title is, perhaps, misleading, for it can hardly be said that it represents Nonconformity as the Church Congress represents the Church of England.

There is some trouble in Scotland about the Gifford lectures. The Gifford foundation provides for lectures being delivered on natural religion at the Scottish Universities. The payment is very liberal: it is said that the lecturer in Edinburgh, Professor Pfeiderer, of Berlin, received some seventy pounds for each of his discourses. Some recent lecturers have taken occasion to discuss thoroughly and adversely the views of orthodox Christians. In Edinburgh a course of lectures in reply to Professor Pfeiderer has been delivered by prominent theologians, and an attempt will be made to define more strictly the scope of future Gifford lectures.

The "A.B.C. Advertisement Press Directory," published by Mr. T. B. Browne, of 161, Victoria Street, is a book of reference that will be of service to advertisers, publishers, and journalists all the year round. It comprises official scales, advertising values, facsimiles of newspapers and magazines, a provincial newspaper gazetteer, and a geography of the country press, with sectional coloured maps. The gazetteer contains more than 2400 towns and places in the United Kingdom, with the newspapers published and circulating there. A set of facsimiles of the principal newspapers and magazines, many in colours, saves the necessity of sending for specimen copies. Another feature is a reproduction of some of the most successful advertisement pictures in the highest class of wood-engraving and photo-zincography.

SIR JOHN GILBERT'S PICTURES AT THE GUILDHALL.

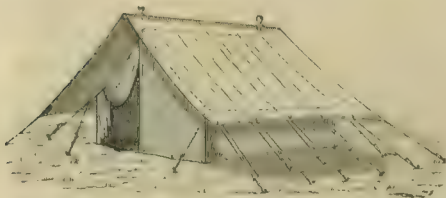
Reproductions of the Pictures by Sir John Gilbert, Presented to the Corporation of the City of London. With descriptive letterpress by A. G. Temple, F.S.A. (London: Blades, East, and Blades.)—Sir John Gilbert's princely present to the City of London of sixteen pictures painted by himself deserved some more various recognition than the mere fact of their display at the Art Gallery of the Guildhall. These handsome reproductions by the collotype process, and explained by descriptive letterpress from the pen of Mr. A. G. Temple, F.S.A., leave nothing, however, to be desired on this score. The book is worthy of the gift which it commemorates. It is rightly prefaced by a brief notice of Sir John Gilbert's life and career. Here we learn that the artist was born in 1817, that he first entered a City office, which, quickly becoming distasteful to him, he left for the study of the art to which he has since devoted himself. He has exhibited pictures ever since he was nineteen years of age, and during that long period has gradually accumulated the honours and rewards which he has so well deserved.

It is natural that most, if not all, of these fine reproductions should suffer from their translation into black and white. The more fanciful pictures especially, and the two incidents from Cardinal Wolsey's life suffer in this respect more than the rest. The Wolsey canvases, in their original setting, are brilliant with the radiance of their colour, the rich reds of the Cardinal's robe making an extraordinarily impressive contrast with the rest of the colour harmonies. These effects being lost, it is still interesting to note the remaining qualities of the pictures, which are perhaps usually overlooked in the presence of the one very obvious quality. And one is chiefly struck by the amazing labour which has been spent by the artist over each and every detail of compositions that are full of detail. The landscape, for example, of "The Charcoal-Burners," with its truth and sincerity, from the broad distances down to every vein of bark; the careful architecture of "Cardinal Wolsey Going in Procession to Westminster Hall"; the confusion of warriors in "The Battle of the Standard"; the myriads of aerial things

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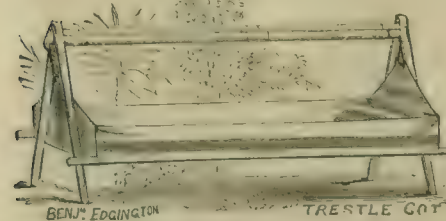
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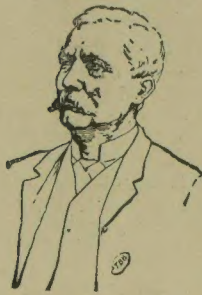
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"Dear Sir,—Your ointment, called 'Homocea,' was found to be the most soothing and efficacious unguent that I could possibly have for my fractured limb, as it seems to retain longer than any other that oleaginousness so requisite for perfect and efficient massage. The fault of embrocations, generally, is that they harden and require warmth, whereas yours, besides being particularly aromatic, is as soft as oil, and almost instantly mollifying in the case of severe inflammation.—Yours faithfully,
"HENRY M. STANLEY."

LORD CARRICK, of Mount Juliet, Thomastown, writes: "Homocea" cured him of a very severe case of piles in a fortnight, when everything else had failed.

LADY VINCENT, 8, Ebury Street, London, says it is such an incomparable application for Rheumatic Neuralgia, that she wishes to have two more tins sent.

LADY KEANE has much pleasure in recommending "Homocea" as an invaluable remedy for Rheumatism, Cuts, Bruises, Piles, Sprains, &c. She thinks so highly of it that she would not be without it in the house, as it has entirely cured her of Rheumatism and other ailments. She can also testify to the healing properties of "Hippacea" for Stable use.—Hillside, Bracknell, Bucks, Feb. 5, 1894.

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M O N T E C A R L O . THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Jodic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montebuzon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The further programme announced, from March 10 to April 1, two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Saléza and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyia and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyia; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elven, M. Queyia, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conferences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey. Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction. The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened from Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Jérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut; Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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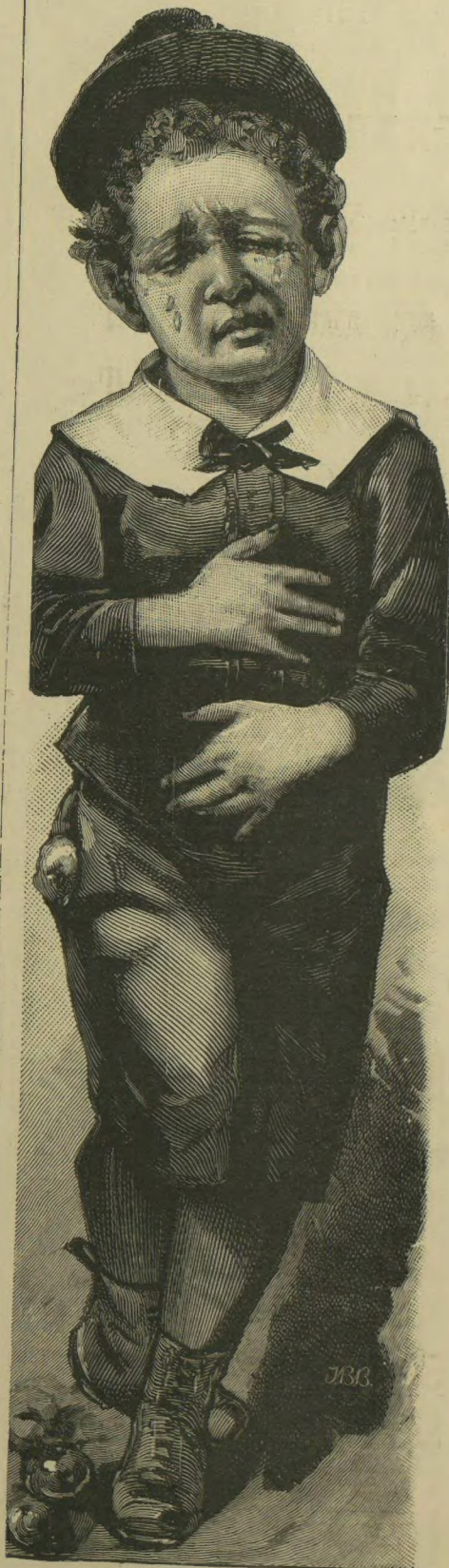
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of fancy in "The Enchanted Forest"; the accidents of the fruit and jug in "Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper"—all these details, conceived with a most responsible feeling for composition, are treated with completeness and admirable finish in these pictures. And they are points which are more easily noted and admired in the sobriety of black and white than in the presence of radiant colour. We therefore commend this book with all sincerity. It is a monument, not only of the English artist's generosity, but also of the work which was the reason of that generosity. To such as are unable to visit the Guildhall for themselves, and are anxious to acquaint themselves with the merit of Sir John Gilbert's work, this record will prove of great value; to such as have seen the Art Gallery of the Corporation, the book will serve for memory and for a maturer appreciation. To all it will come as a proof of Sir John Gilbert's claims as an artist; it will testify to his powers of draughtsmanship, imagination, and, above all, his thoroughness.

If, as Pope affirmed, "all mankind's concern is charity," then Mr. H. J. Burdett's "Hospital and Charities Annual" (Scientific Press, Limited), should be of interest to all. Its contents fully entitle it to be called the year-book of philanthropy. Its price, five shillings, places it within

easy range of those for whom it is published. After devoting 328 pages to excellent articles on events during the last year, discussing the question of the central hospital board for London, examining the hospital expenditure, and other matters, the book assumes the form of a directory. Five hundred pages of matter, contributed by necessity by many hundreds of persons, could not be absolutely free from errors, but examination has not revealed any of a serious nature. Especially valuable is the information respecting nursing institutions, though there is reason to doubt this sweeping statement: "Every boy in his teens wants to be a sailor; every girl in her teens wants to be a nurse." Even with the beautiful example of Miss Florence Nightingale, still happily spared to continue her deep interest in this department of philanthropy, before the minds of girls, nursing is not quite the universal ideal. To give some idea of the comprehensiveness of Mr. Burdett's book, it may be mentioned that it embraces America and the Colonies; also, it possesses an index which would satisfy even Lord Selborne.

That invaluable portion of a politician's luggage, "The Statesman's Year-Book" (Macmillan), has just made its appearance for the thirty-first year in succession. Mr. Gladstone's resignation is duly noted, and there are many other evidences of the up-to-date editorship of Mr. J. Scott

Keltie. One of the sections of the book which is sure to be carefully read is that relating to Africa, and considerable light is thrown on the delicate questions of partition in the Dark Continent. Very useful are the lists of works dealing with different subjects connected with each country, which are given at the conclusion of the various articles. In the 1200 pages of the book there are many most interesting facts which well repay perusal. It appears, for instance, that there is a decided decrease in the number of pilgrims from the Ottoman Empire to Mecca, a diminution which is not surprising when the hardships of the journey are recollected.

A report by the Official Receiver on the liquidation of the Liberator Permanent Benefit Building Society has been issued. It states that the society's assets were put down in the directors' statement of affairs at £3,572,063. No less than £3,312,337 of the assets consisted of advances to the Balfour group of companies, with unpaid interest thereon. The report describes the measures adopted to realise the properties charged to the society by J. W. Hobbs and Co. (Limited), the House and Land Investment Trust, and the Real Estates Company. It has been found necessary to borrow in all £900,000 from the Debenture Corporation at six per cent. interest, subject also to the payment of commissions.

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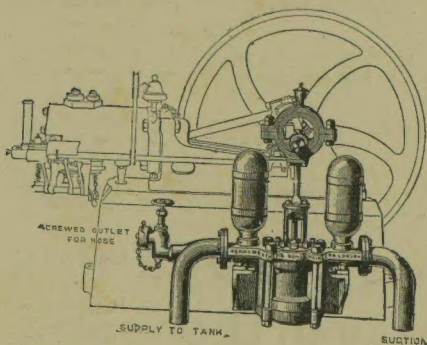
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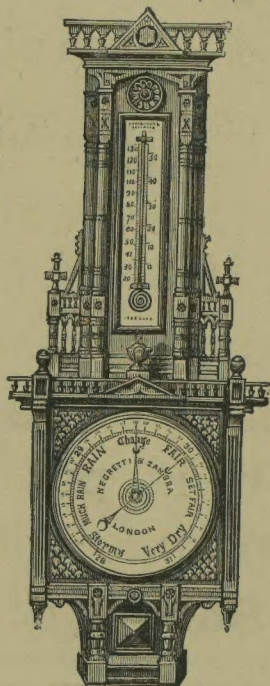
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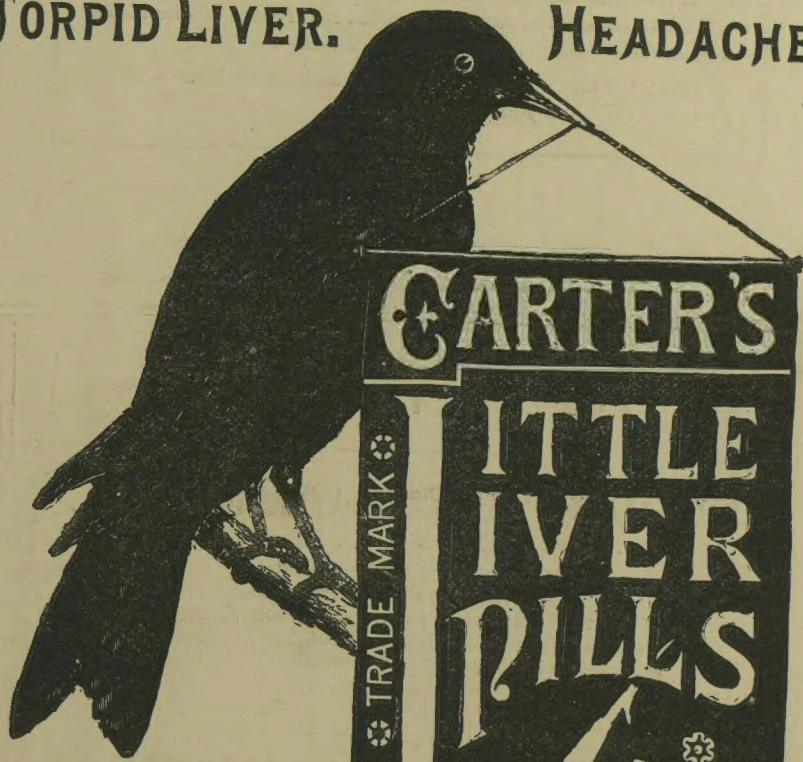
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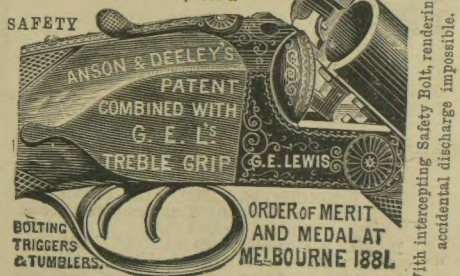
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